THE WAY TO GET MARRIED;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By THOMAS MORTON, Esquire.

AUTHOR OF

INKLE AND YARICO—ZORINSKI—CHILDREN IN THE WOOD, &c.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

PROLOGUE.

Written by W. T. FITZGERALD, *Esquire.*

Spoken by Mr. M'CREADY.

THE ſtage ſhould be, to life, a faithful glaſs,
Reflecting modes, and manners as they paſs;
If theſe extravagant appear to you,
Blame not the drama;—the reflection's true—
Our Author makes of virtue no parade,
And only ridicules the *vice* of trade;
Expoſes Folly in its native tint,
And leaves mankind to profit by the hint.
The modern buck,—how diff'rent from the beau
In bag and ruffles, ſixty years ago!
The city coxcomb then was ſeldom ſeen,
(Confin'd to Bunhill-row, or Bethnal-green:)
Weſt of Cheapſide you then could ſcarcely meet
The gay Lothario—of Threadneedle-ſtreet!
His folly rarely met the public eye,
Or, like a ſhadow, paſs'd unheeded by:
Tradeſman and rake were then remov'd as far
As gay St. James's is from Temple-bar.
But now the cit muſt breathe a purer air,
The 'Change he *viſits*—lives in Bedford-ſquare—
Inſures a fleet—then Bootle's club attends,
Proud to be notic'd by his titled friends;
And tries to join, by Diſſipation's aid,
The man of faſhion with the man of trade.
Vain to aſſociate with ſuperior rank,
He quits his *ledger*—for the Faro bank;

PROLOGUE.

His daſhing curricle down Bond-ſtreet drives,
Riſking his *own*—and worſe—his horſes' lives;
Till, urging Fortune's glowing wheel too faſt,
This empty air-blown bubble breaks at laſt!
Tho' trade may give ſuch upſtart muſhrooms birth,
The Muſe pays homage to its real worth.
This iſle to commerce owes her ſplendid ſtate,
The ſource of all that makes her truly great!
And 'midſt her buſy ſons enough are found
To raiſe dejected mis'ry from the ground.
While commerce, with a lib'ral heart beſtows
Her wealth, to mitigate the poor man's woes;
Seeks out the wretch, his gloomy priſon cheers,
And wipes, with pitying hand, the widow's tears—
The applauding world will ſay (ſuch bounty giv'n)
The Engliſh merchant is the ſteward of heav'n.

Our Author now that candour would implore,
Which your indulgence has beſtow'd before;
Still on a gen'rous Public he depends;
Give your ſupport—he aſks no better friends!

BRITISH MUSEUM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TANGENT	*Mr. Lewis.*
TOBY ALLSPICE	*Mr. Quick.*
CAPTAIN FAULKNER	*Mr. Pope.*
CAUSTIC	*Mr. Munden.*
DICK DASHALL	*Mr. Fawcett.*
M'QUERY	*Mr. M'Cready.*
LANDLORD	*Mr. Davenport.*
SHOPMAN	*Mr. Abbot.*
TOWN-CLERK	*Mr. Coombs.*
WAITER	*Mr. Curtis.*
NED	*Mr. Wilde.*
POSTILION	*Mr. Simmonds.*
UNDERTAKER	*Mr. Street.*
JAILER	*Mr. Williamson.*
SOLICITOR	*Mr. Holland.*
OFFICER	*Mr. Blurton.*
ALLSPICE'S SERVANT	*Mr. Rees.*
CAUSTIC'S SERVANT	*Mr. Farley.*
DASHALL'S SERVANT	*Mr. Ledger.*
BAILIFF	*Mr. Croſs.*

JULIA FAULKNER	*Miſs Wallis.*
CLEMENTINA ALLSPICE	*Mrs. Mattocks.*
LADY SORREL	*Mrs. Davenport.*
FANNY	*Miſs Leſerve.*

The Lines marked with inverted Commas are omitted in the Repreſentation

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED:

A COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room in a Houſe—Bells ringing.

DASHALL *(without.)*

LANDLORD!

LANDLORD *enters (ſmoaking.)*

Landlord. Here I am—noiſy chap this.

Enter DASHALL.

Daſh. Where are all your people? Damn it, Landlord, is this your attention?

Land. Who do you damn, eh? If you don't like my houſe, march,—there's another in the town.

Daſh. This raſcal now, becauſe he has the beſt beds and wine on the road, claims the privilege of inſulting his gueſts—call my ſervants up.

Land. Not I—enough plague with my own—why don't you go to the other inn? I'll tell you—becauſe you know when you are well off, ha! ha!

Daſh. Impudent ſcoundrel! but as I want information, I muſt humour him.—You're a high fellow.

Land. An't I?

Daſh. And ſo, old Boar's head, my good friend, Toby Allſpice, by the ſudden death of his predeceſſor,

enters this day upon the toniſh office of ſheriff of your ancient corporation.

Land. He does.—And what's better, by the ſudden death of an old maid, miſs Sarah Sapleſs, he and his daughter will, it is ſaid, enter upon the fingering of about thirty thouſand pounds.

Daſh. Good news, egad!—Well, old Porcupine, get dinner; and, d'ye hear, none of your ropy champagne —the real ſtuff *(ſlaps him on the back.)*

Land. Well, I will—Ecod, I like you.

Daſh. Come, be off *(ſtrikes him with his whip.)*

Land. Ecod, you have an agreeable way with you. [*Exit, ſhrugging his ſhoulders.*

Daſh. In the tickliſh ſtate of my circumſtances, Allſpice and his daughter will be worth attending to.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Letters, ſir, from London. [*Exit.*

Daſh. Now for it! this makes me a bankrupt, or a good man. *(Reads)* "Dear Daſhall, all's up"—As I thought.—"Tranſfer ſwears if you don't ſettle your "bear account in a week, he'll black-board you"—Pleaſant enough! —— "Affectionate inquiries are "making after you at Lloyd's; and, to crown all, Hops "were ſo lively laſt market, that there is already a "loſs of thouſands upon that ſcheme—Nothing can "ſave you but the ready.—Yours, TIM. TICK."

"N. B. Green peas were yeſterday ſold at Leaden-"hall-Market at nine-pence a peck; ſo your bet of "three thouſand pounds on that event is loſt." So! lurch'd every way—ſtocks, inſurance, hops, hazard, and

and green peas, all over the left ſhoulder; and then, like a flat, I muſt get pigeon'd at faro by ladies of quality; for the ſwagger of ſaying "The ducheſs and "I were curſt jolly laſt night;" but, confuſion to deſpair! I'm no flincher.—If I can but humbug old Allſpice out of a few thouſands, and marry his daughter, I ſhall cut a gay figure, and make a ſplaſh yet.

Waiter. (*without*) A room for Lady Sorrel.

Daſh. What the devil brings her here?—Old and ugly as ſhe is, I'll take decent odds but 'tis an intrigue.

Enter LADY SORREL.

Lady Sor. Inform my couſin Cauſtic, I'm here.—Ah! Daſhall, I ſuppoſe the warm weather has driven you from town.

Daſh. True; London was certainly too hot for me; but how could your ladyſhip leave the faſcination of play?

Lady Sor. Huſh! that's not my rural character.—I always aſſimilate.—The fact is, Dick, I have here a ſtrange, plain-ſpoken, worthy, and wealthy relation; he gives me conſiderable ſums to diſtribute in London to the needy, which I loſe in play, to people of faſhion; and you'll allow that is giving them to the needy, and fulfilling the worthy donor's intention, ha! ha!

Daſh. Then you are not here becauſe your favourite, young Tangent, is arrived? eh!

Lady Sor. What, Dick, have you found out my attachment there? Well, I confeſs it: and if my regard be not, I'll take care my revenge ſhall be, gra-

tified; and 'tis a great conſolation that one is nearly as ſweet as the other.

Daſh. And I'll be equally candid. The miſerable fact is, I am completely brozier'd, cut down to a ſixpence, and have left town.

Lady Sor. Like a ſkilful engineer, who, having laid his train for the deſtruction of others, prudently retires during the blow-up.

Cauſt. (without) In the next room, do you ſay? *(Enters)* Lady Sorrel, I rejoice to ſee you, and have provided at home for your reception.

Lady Sor. Then I'll order my carriage and ſervants there.

Cauſt. No; I can depend on your prudence, but not on your ſervants'—S'death! were any of your faſhionable London ſervants to get footing in my family, I ſuppoſe in a week my old houſekeeper would give *converſationès*, a little muſic, and twopenny faro.

Daſh. Vaſtly well.—By no means contemptible.

Cauſt. Sir!

Lady Sor. Couſin, this is Mr. Daſhall, one of the firſt men in the city,—ſees the firſt company, lives in the firſt ſtyle——

Cauſt. This a merchant of the city of London?

Daſh. Curſe the quiz! Ill throw off a little—Perhaps you've not been in town lately.

Cauſt. No, ſir.

Daſh. Oh, the old ſchool—quite gone by—I remember, my old gig of a father wore a velvet nightcap in his compting houſe—what a vile bore, ha! ha!

Cauſt.

Cauſt. And pray, ſir, what may you wear in your compting houſe?

Daſh. Strike me moral if I've ſeen it theſe three months. If you wiſh to trade in ſtyle, and make a *ſplaſh*, you muſt fancy Cheapſide Newmarket, and Lloyd's and the Alley faro tables, for Demoivre has as completely ouſted Cocker's Arithmetic with us, as Hoyle has the Complete Houſewife with our wives, egad—talk of Brooks's or Newmarket; chicken hazard to the game we play at Lloyd's—monopoly's the word now, old boy; hops, corn, ſugar, furs—at all in the ring.

Cauſt. Amazing! ſir, your capital muſt be aſtoniſhing to be—at all in the ring *(mimicking.)*

Daſh. Capital! an old bugbear—never thought of now—no, paper—diſcount does it.

Cauſt. Paper!

Daſh. Aye; ſuppoſe I owe a tradeſman, my taylor for inſtance, two thouſand pounds.

Cauſt. A merchant owe his taylor two thouſand pounds! mercy on us!

Daſh. I give him my note for double the ſum, he diſcounts it—I touch half in the ready—note comes due—double the ſum again—touch half again, and ſo on to the tune of fifty thouſand pounds. If monopolies anſwer, make all ſtraight—if not, ſmaſh—into the Gazette. Brother merchants ſay "damn'd fine fellow—lived in ſtyle—only traded beyond his capital.—So, certificate's ſigned—ruin a hundred or two reptiles of retailers, and ſo begin the war again.—That's the way to make a ſplaſh—deviliſh neat, isn't it?

Cauſt. Pretty well.

Daſh. How you ſtare! you *don't* know *nothing* of life, old boy.

Cauſt. Vulgar ſcoundrel!

Daſh. We are the boys in the city. Why, there's Sweetwort, the brewer,—don't you know Sweetwort? dines an hour later than any duke in the kingdom—imports his own turtle—dreſſes turbot by a ſtop-watch—has houſe-lamb fed on cream, and pigs on pine-apples—gave a jollification t'other day—Stoke-hole in the brewhouſe—aſked a dozen peers—all glad to come—can't live as we do. Who make the ſplaſh in Hyde-Park? who fill the pit at the opera? who inhabit the ſquares in the weſt? why, the knowing ones from the eaſt to be ſure.

Cauſt. Not the wiſe one's from the eaſt, I'm ſure.

Daſh. Who ſupport the faſhionable faro tables? oh, how the ducheſſes chuckle and rub their hands, when they ſee one of us!

Cauſt. Ducheſſes keep gaming tables!

Daſh. To be ſure! how the devil ſhou'd they live? ſuch a blow-up the other night! you were there, Lady Sorrel!

Lady Sor. I at a faro table!

Cauſt. No, no.

Daſh. (aſide) Upon my honour I beg pardon—you ſee, ſir, the ducheſs was dealing, and Mrs. Swagger was punting. Oh ho! cries Mrs. Swagger, "That was very neatly done"—"What do you mean?" ſays the ducheſs—"Only, madam, I ſaw you ſlip a card"—"dam'me" ſays the ducheſs—

Cauſt.

Cauſt. Says the duke.

Daſh. Says the ducheſs.

Cauſt. No, no! "dam'me," ſays the duke.

Daſh. Pſha! the ducheſs, I tell you. It's her way.

Cauſt. Her way! O Lud!

Daſh. Where was I? oh, "dam'me," ſays the ducheſs, "but you turn out of my houſe"—"and curſe me," cries little miſs Swagger, (a ſweet amiable little creature of about fourteen) "if we ſtay here to be ſwindled." — Words got high, and oaths flew about like rouleaus; but as they had plucked me of my laſt feather, I got up, and, in imitation of my betters, twang'd off a few dam'mes, and retired.

Cauſt. The world's at an end—all is ſophiſticated! —nothing bears even its right name—whoredom is gallantry; ſwindling, running out; female debauchery, a *faux-pas*. The murdering duelliſt has a nice ſenſe of honour, the cuckold-maker is a dear delicious devil, and the cuckold the beſt humour'd creature in the world.

Daſh. Well ſaid, old one—you've ſome *nous* about you.

Cauſt. Foul-tongued blockhead!

Tang. (without) Tell counſellor Endleſs I'll be in court preſently.

Cauſt. I think I know that voice.

Lady Sor. (tenderly) So do I. *(aſide)*—'Tis your darling nephew, your adopted Tangent—I ſaw him come out of a chaiſe with two barriſters.

Cauſt. Pſha! barriſters! you forget he's in the army.

Lady Sor. May'nt I truſt my eyes?

Cauſt. Why, at fifty-nine, couſin, eyes are not always to be truſted. Pray, Mr. Daſhall, do you know this nephew of mine?

Daſh. Oh yes; but he aſſociates with authors and wits, quite out of our ſet—we in the city don't vote them gentlemen—you'll never find *no* wit at my table, I'll take care of that.—But you expect company, and ſo I'll be off to my friend Allſpice's.—By the way, I hear his daughter will touch to the tune of thirty thouſand pounds.

Cauſt. Very likely: but I don't know any good it will do her.

Daſh. Not do good! I beg pardon. Riches gives wit,—elegance.

Cauſt. Do they? I'm ſorry you're ſo poor.

Daſh. Eh! what! oh neat enough! and what do you ſay riches give, queer one?

Cauſt. Generally, vulgar impertinence.

Daſh. I congratulate you on being ſo rich, ha, ha! rat me! but at laſt I've ſaid a good one.—Lady Sorrel, your devoted.—Good bye, queer one!—What a ſuperlative gig it is! [*Exit.*

Cauſt. Was that my nephew's voice?

Enter TANGENT.

Sir, your moſt obedient!

Tang. Ah, my dear uncle! who could have expected to have ſeen you in this part of the world?

Cauſt. This part of the world! why, 'tis the town I live

I live in, is it not? and have not you come on purpoſe to viſit me?

Tang. True, uncle; I was—

Cauſt. At your old tricks, caſtle-building. Fancying yourſelf Tippoo Saib, I warrant, or empreſs of all the Ruſſias.

Tang. No, no, you wrong me—Ah, lady Sorrel, how cou'd you leave town, where you were the ton?

Cauſt. The ton, ha, ha! Then I ſuppoſe grandmothers are the ton?

Tang. You have hit it, uncle. (*aſide to Cauſtic*)—I never ſaw you look ſo well. (*To lady Sorrel*)

Lady Sor. Dear ſir, you flatter.

Cauſt. He does, he does. Come, ſir, no more of that. Age is reſpectable, and you ought to be above making a jeſt of an old woman.

Lady Sor. Mr. Cauſtic, your behaviour is intolerable. Mr. Tangent, do you dine with us?

Tang. Nothing can afford me greater felicity—

Cauſt. Than to dine with an old woman—Nonſenſe! Go home, couſin, go home.

Lady Sor. Brute! Mr. Tangent, good morning. Sweet, elegant youth! how my heart doats on him. [*Exit.*

Cauſt. Frank, leave that curſed trick, that—

Tang. I know what you mean—I believe I uſed to indulge in little flights of fancy.

Cauſt. You did indeed.

Tang. Ah, that's all over. My life paſſes in a dull conſiſtent uniformity.

Cauſt.

Cauſt. I'm glad on't—Well, how goes on the regiment?

Tang. The regiment? Oh, I've left the army.

Cauſt. Oh, you've left the army, *(imitating)*—and why, ſir?

Tang. I don't know—I imagine I was tired of the routine, field-days, parade, meſs-dinners, and ſo—

Cauſt. And ſo what, ſir?

Tang. I determined to adhere to the law.

Cauſt. I've no patience with your folly. But, ſir, are you ſure the law has brought you here? Is it not ſome ridiculous love affair, ſome jilting tit from Exeter?

Tang. (aſide) I'll humour his diſlike to the ſex.—Women! Gewgaws for boys and dotards.

Cauſt. True. He has a fine underſtanding.

Tang. What are they all?

Cauſt. Ay; what are they all?

Tang. The beſt of them are virtuouſly vicious, and impertinently condeſcending.

Cauſt. He's a fine youth.—Go on.

Tang. All a contradiction.

Cauſt. True, Frank; Pope himſelf ſays ſo—

"Woman's at beſt a contradiction ſtill;"

then he goes on—

"A fop their paſſion, and their prize, a ſot."

Tang. "Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot."—Sir, I've the whole epiſtle by heart.

Cauſt. Have you? Come to my arms. Now ſtick

to

to this and the law, and my whole fortune is your own ——when I die.

Tang. And in the mean time I'll thank you for a thouſand pounds.

Cauſt. Thank me! I dare ſay you will. A thouſand pounds! But how is it to be employed?—What faſhionable ſcheme?

Tang. A very unfaſhionable one, uncle; in paying my debts.

Cauſt. You know, Frank, you once diſgraced yourſelf, and deeply offended me, by borrowing money of M'Query, a knaviſh money-lender.—If your debts are of that deſcription, you become my antipathy, my deteſtation.

Tang. On my honour, no.

Cauſt. Well then, as I can better afford to loſe it, than an honeſt creditor, I'll give it you on conditions —firſt, that you adhere to the law.

Tang. Granted.

Cauſt. Secondly, that you leave that hair-brain'd folly, which makes me mad,—that caſtle building.

Tang. Oh, granted.

Cauſt. And laſtly, that this thouſand ſhall be the ſum total of your extravagance.

Tang. With all my heart—And here's my hand.

Cauſt. But, Frank, what ſay you to 30,000l. down on the nail?

Tang. I ſay, ſir, that no particular objection to it ſtrikes me at preſent.

Cauſt. Then I'll tell you—Here's a will by which it is ſuppoſed miſs Clementina Allſpice will be heireſs

to that ſum. Now I'll introduce you: and if, on ſeeing her, you agree with me that ſhe is groſsly vulgar, and extravagantly affected,—in ſhort, ſhould you thoroughly diſlike her, I can ſee no rational objection to your marrying her.

Tang. Certainly not—I'll attend you; but firſt I muſt go to the courts.

Tang. Aye, ſtick to the law—ſtick to that—ſtick to any thing. You remember your pranks—This hour writing a ſatire on the frivolity of the age, the next, riding a hundred miles to ſhoot at a target—One day dreſt in ſolemn black for the purpoſe of ordination—The next in a pink jacket and jockey cap, riding a match at Newmarket—So, no more of that, but ſtick to the law.

Tang. To be ſure; what expanſion of intellect it occaſions! What honours does it not lead to!

Cauſt. True.

Tang. Think of the woolſack.

Cauſt. Yes.

Tang. There's an object to look to!

Cauſt. Tremendous!

Tang. My ambition anticipates my honours, and I ſee myſelf in the envied ſituation.

Cauſt. Eh!

Tang. Dreſs'd in my robes, I bow to the throne.

(*Sits down with dignity in a chair.*)

Cauſt. Zounds! now he's at it.

(*Tangent riſes and puts on his hat.*)

Order! Order! Is it your lordſhips' pleaſure this bill

do

do paſs—As many as are content, ſay, "Aye"—Not content, "No"—The contents have it.

Cauſt. Now would it not provoke the devil?—I humbly move that your lordſhip may leave the wool-ſack, and that your brains may ceaſe to go a woolgathering.

Tang. My lord!—Eh!—Oh!—I beg your excuſe, uncle—I was juſt indulging a little fight.

Cauſt. Yes, I know you were—But where are you going?

Tang. To the courts.

Cauſt. Pray ſtick to the law.

Tang. And to the woolſack. Does not the hope of that fill our univerſities with blockheads—and cram our courts full of barriſters, with heads as empty as they leave their clients' pockets?—As many as are content, ſay "Aye"—Not content, "No"—The contents have it. [*Exit.*

Cauſt. So—mad and abſurd as ever! But I truſt he has a good heart, and I'll give him fair play; for, ſometimes, the ſubſiding oppoſition of worth and folly produces the brighteſt characters, even as the beautiful firmament is ſaid to have been formed from the contending chaos of light and darkneſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

FAULKNER'S HOUSE—*A knocking at the door, Faulkner croſſes the ſtage, and opens the door.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Captain Faulkner, my maſter (Mr. Cauſtic) will wait on you this morning for the payment of his rent.

Faulk. My compliments, and I ſhall be glad to ſee him. [*Exit Servant.*

Thank heaven; enough remains for that! My rent being paid, perhaps I may gloſs over the meagre hue of poverty, till my law-ſuit is decided. (*A harp is heard*) Poor Julia! did'ſt thou know thy father's abject penury, 'twoud break thy heart. Perhaps it may be concealed—at leaſt I'll try to think ſo—Julia! my daughter!

Enter JULIA.

My deareſt father!

Faulk. My child! thou art this day of age.

Julia. Yes, ſir, (*averting her face with dejection, then recovering herſelf.*)—I beg your pardon.

Faulk. Heireſs of penury. My darling girl! Oh, had heaven ſo will'd it, this had been a morning that pleaſure might have long'd for. The ſad reverſe made ſleep a ſtranger to me. I roſe, and gave thee, Julia, all a poor fond father could,—a bleſſing at the throne of mercy.

Julia.

Julia. More rich, more valued than all the ſplendour we have loſt. Indeed I grieve not for it. Pray, ſir, be cheerful, as we are above the reach of want.

Faulk. Oh! *(ſtifling a groan)* True, my love; return to your harp—I expect my attorney—he diſpatch'd, I'll come to thee—Sure he ſtays!—What ſays my watch?—hold—I forgot I had parted with it *(aſide)*.

Julia. How fortunate! Look, ſir, I've made a purchaſe for you *(ſhewing a watch)*. Since you loſt yours, you have been leſs punctual in coming home, and I have been the loſer of many a happy hour—'Tis quite a bargain—the man will call to day for the money.

Faulk. How unlucky!

Julia. You are not angry? You cannot be! What, not a kiſs for my attention?

Faulk. My only comfort! *(kiſſes her)* Here's a bank note—Pay for your purchaſe, and employ the reſt in procuring our houſehold wants. Go in—a thouſand bleſſings on thee. [*Exit Julia.*

Poor, luckleſs wench! Oh, how willingly would I lay down this life, but for thy ſake, my child!

M'Query (without).

Captain Faulkner!

(Faulkner goes to the door and opens it).

Enter M'Query.

Faulk. Ah, my attorney! Speak, tell me, relieve the ſufferings of a parent's heart—am I to deſpair? *(M'Query ſhakes his head)* Is there a hope?

M'Query. Here's a letter.

(Faulk-

(Faulkner opens it with trepidation and gives it to M'Query.)

Faulk. Pray read it.

M'QUERY *(reads)*

"Sir, I am ſorry, that inſtead of congratulating you "on the recovering your valuable eſtates, I have to "inform you, that by an unlucky, and accidental "error in our declaration we were non-ſuited. I muſt "trouble you to remit me 200l. as I cannot in pru-"dence undertake the continuance of this important "cauſe without the coſts being ſecured to me—your "faithful ſervant, DEDIMUS DUPLEX."

Faulk. Ruin, Ruin!

M'Query. Oh, here's a bit of a poſtſcript—"A Mr. Tangent—"

Faulk. Who? *(alarm'd)*

M'Query. What's the matter? *(reads)*—"A Mr. Tangent has been frequently inquiring after you."

Faulk. How unlucky!

M'Query. That you did not ſee him?

Faulk. (With heſitation) y—ye—yes—ſir—

M'Query. How lucky then! for I ſaw him juſt now.

Faulk. In this town?

M'Query. Yes; I'll bring him here in a crack *(going.)*

Faulk. Hold! not for the world.

M'Query. Not for the world! what makes you tremble? Oh, ho! there's a bit of a ſecret, and I muſt be maſter of it *(aſide)*. Come, an't I your friend?

Did

Did not I come and offer my friendſhip and aſſiſtance, without even knowing you?

Faulk. You did ſo.

M'Query. And an't I ſtill ready with my friendſhip and ſervice?—and I will aſſiſt you.

Faulk. Will you, will you, ſir? Indeed I want it. Hear then my unhappy ſtory; but ſwear by ſacred honour.

M'Query. If you've a bit of a bible, I'll take my oath—honour's all moonſhine!

Faulk. No, ſir. Honour, is the converſation of ſociety: without it, even our virtues wou'd be dangerous. It tempers courage, and vice it puts to ſhame; it irradiates truth, and mixes up oppoſing paſſions in the ſweet compound of urbanity.

M'Query. Oh, very true; *(aſide)* I'll pop that into my next brief. Oh, it will make a flaſhy ſpeech for one of our fine pathetic barriſters. But now for the ſecret. Whatever you communicate ſhall be locked here, upon my honour.

Faulk. It was my fate to marry contrary to my father's will, and I was driven by misfortune to India; where, after a reſidence of eighteen years, the news reached me of my father's deceaſe, and that at his death he had done me the juſtice he refuſed me living. I was about to return to England to take poſſeſſion of my eſtates, when the ſervice demanded my aſſiſtance to check the inroads of a powerful banditti that infeſted the frontier.—In a ſkirmiſh, Lieutenant Richmond, a brave

lad, fell by my ſide—he gave to my care one thouſand pounds, as a bequeſt to his friend Mr. Tangent.

M'Query. So far, ſo well.

Faulk. On my return, ſir, I found my wife dying. I am ſorry to trouble you with hearing my misfortunes.

M'Query. Don't mention it—'tis a pleaſure—you found your wife dying.

Faulk. And my patrimony, as you know, uſurped by a diſtant and wealthy relation—I endeavoured to find Mr. Tangent—

M'Query. Oh no!

Faulk. Indeed I did, ſir—diſtreſſes came upon me—arrears for my daughter's education—the expences of my wife's funeral. *(weeps)*

M'Query. *(aſide)* Nobody wou'd grudge that, ſure.

Faulk. And the hopes of recovering my right by law, induced me, ſir, to, to——

M'Query. Make uſe of Mr. Tangent's money.

Faulk. Y—yes—ſir. I doubted not but I cou'd ſoon replace it. I had conſiderable prize-money due—aye, and ſomewhat hardly earn'd—but it is not paid. Involved with agents, proctors——

M'Query, Aye, and ſweet pretty picking it is.

Faulk. Then, ſir, I hoped ſoon to recover my eſtates. But the progreſs of the law, is, you know, ſo very ſlow—

M'Query. We don't—we don't hurry ourſelves certainly.

Faulk.

Faulk. Now, ſir, wou'd you advance the money to pay Mr.——

Mc Query. Why, you don't mean to pay it, do you?

Faulk. Sir! *(with indignation)*

Mc Query. Don't bother yourſelf about ſuch a trifle—pay him! pugh! ſtuff! Between ourſelves, I thought you had been dabbling in a little forgery.

Faulk. Villain! *(ſeizes him. Mc Query ſmiles)* Oh. I beg pardon—you are pleaſant.

Mc Query. Yes, I am very pleaſant; and I wiſh I cou'd return the compliment. *(aſide)* What a tiger! However, I'm glad you have the caſh, becauſe——

Faulk. Even now, I gave the laſt guinea I poſſeſs'd to my daughter.

Mc Query. That's unlucky! Becauſe here's a little bit of a bill for labour, trouble, care and diligence, as we ſay.

Faulk. (taking it) This, then, is your proffer'd aſſiſtance.

Mc Query. Oh, read it, read it. You'll find it right to an eightpence.

Faulk. (reads) "Attending you frequently to offer my advice and friendſhip without being able to meet you, two pounds two." *(with ſeverity)*

Mc Query. That's right and proper, and 'tis all like it; but as you've no caſh, you may as well ſign a little bit of a bond and judgment: it will make the debt an even fifty.

Faulk. Aye, any thing. *(walks about in diſorder)*

Mc Query. 'Tis a pity you're ſo poor.

Faulk. Huſh! for heaven's ſake—

M'Query. I'm worth twenty thouſand.

Faulk. You're a lucky man, ſir.

M'Query. Here's a bond ready.

Faulk. Within there! Bring pen and ink.

M'Query. Ha, ha! You forget you have not a parcel of ſervants now. That's a good one, ha, ha!

Faulk. *(attempting to laugh)* Ha, ha! I did ſo, ſir.—Damnation! is life worth holding on theſe terms? We ſhall find them in the next room.

M'Query. Now, ſir, tho' you have put yourſelf in my power—

Faulk. Hah! in your power—ſhallow fool! mark me. Dare but to hint at what I've told you, and by the honour I have loſt, your life pays the forfeit—do you mark? In your power! Do you mark, I ſay?

M'Query. O yes! I was not in earneſt. I was pleaſant again. Oh, what a devil he is! 'tis hard to be ſo poor—I'm worth twenty thouſand, every ſhilling.

Faulk. This way. Unfeeling man!

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room at ALLSPICE's *Houſe.*

Enter Clementina and Fanny.

Clementina.

How do I look, Fanny? Do you know, Fanny, my dead aunt was quite teizing—I declare and vow ſhe once ſent for me to ſee her die, and I found her dancing a Scotch reel at an aſſembly. How horrid provoking! Have you an idea, Fanny, how much one ought to cry for an aunt?

Fanny. I dont really know, miſs.

Clem. Oh Fanny, you lived with lady Eſchallot when her huſband died. Did ſhe make it a point to take on?

Fanny. O yes, ma'am.

Clem. Did it tell, Fanny?

Fanny. Exceedingly, ma'am.

Clem. I dare ſay it wou'd be ſtyliſh, 'tis ſo particular. Oh! I ſhall have oceans of lovers when I get this fortune. 'Tis ſo ſhocking to be conſtant, I vow—after you have cut your jokes and ſhown your tricks, it grows ſo inſipid, and you do long for another lover

in ſuch a ſtyle, you've no idea. Here comes pa—Do you know, Fanny, that pa's keeping a ſhop horrifies me to that degree— [*Exit Fanny.*

Enter ALLSPICE, *with his velvet cap and apron on.*

Allſp. Ah, Cleme—what! dizen'd out—expect to touch the mopuſſes, eh?

Clem. Indeed, pa, I'm reduc'd to deſpair to ſee you out of mourning.

Allſp. Firſt let's ſee the will. Time enough to mourn when I find there's ſomething to rejoice at. I wiſh Cauſtic would come—buſy day, Cleme. As ſheriff, I muſt uſher the judges into the town—as tradeſman, muſt attend my cuſtomers—ſo, what between the judges in the court, and the old women in the ſhop, I've my hands full.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Cauſtic, and Mr. M'Query, ſir.

Enter CAUSTIC *and* M'QUERY.

Allſp. Ah, friend Cauſtic, glad to ſee you—ſervant, Mr. Attorney—come, bring chairs, read quick, —never mind ſtops—buſy day.

Cauſt. Miſs Clementina, how do you do? Theſe are rather gay habiliments for mourning.

Clem. Mr. Cauſtic, no obſervations. As pa ſays, read.

Cauſt. With all my heart—except the colour, gay as a bride.

Clem. Dont be impertinent, man.

Cauſt.

Cauſt. And the head too—heigho! Well, here is the will, and thus I break the ſeal—now for it.

Allſp. Ay, now for it. *(they all ſeat themſelves)*

Cauſt. *(reads)* "I, Sarah Sapleſs, ſpinſter, being of "ſound and diſpoſing mind, do make this my laſt will "and teſtament. Imprimis, I bequeath to my worthy "brother-in-law, Toby Allſpice."—

Allſp. Oh, ſhe was an excellent old woman! *(pretends to weep)*

Cauſt. "Toby Allſpice, the ſum of five pounds—"

Allſp. What?

Cauſt. "The ſum of five pounds, to purchaſe a ring."

Allſp. A what?

Cauſt. A ring.

Allſp. Fiddledeedee! Superannuated old fool.

Cauſt. Silence! "And whereas my wayward fate "has deprived me of the comforts of wedlock, and as "I ſincerely believe that nothing can tend more to "the benefit of ſociety, than promoting the happineſs "of faithful lovers"—very extraordinary this!—"I "do hereby bequeath to Walter Cauſtic, eſquire, all "my eſtates, perſonal and real"—

Clem. What!

Cauſt. *(eagerly)* "I bequeath to Walter Cauſtic, "eſquire, all my eſtates, perſonal and real,—in "truſt"—*(dejectedly)*

Clem. Oh, in truſt! *(nodding and ſmiling)*

Cauſt. I hate truſts.

Clem. Silence, ſir. Go on.

Cauſt. "In truſt, to ſettle and convey the ſame as "a marriage portion upon any young woman he may "think worthy, who may be about to become a "bride, within the ſpace of one month after my de-"ceaſe."

Allſp. Ecod, its a queer one.

Cauſt. "And whereas——"

M'Query. That's all that's material, except a bit of a codicil.

Clem. Mr. Attorney, is not my name in the will?

M'Query. No, miſs.

Clem. Pa! *(weeps)*

Allſp. Cleme!

Clem. Do you know, pa, that being diſappointed of thirty thouſand pounds, is extremely diſagreeable?

Allſp. Very, Cleme.

Cauſt. All that's material? What's this, and this? *(turning over ſheets)*

M'Query. That, you know, is deſcription and ſpecification; and ſaying it over and over again, to make the thing look plump and decent.

Cauſt. Now for the codicil! "I, the within nam-"ed, Sarah Sapleſs, do make this codicil, which I do "order and direct may be taken as part of my ſaid "will, and by which I do hereby bequeath to Phelim "M'Query, my attorney, in lieu of his bill, one thou-"ſand pounds—" Very moderate recompenſe!

M'Query. Very moderate! But 'tis enough—Oh, 'tis enough. *(riſes)*

Cauſt. This, certainly is the moſt extraordinary; Ha,

Ha, ha, ha! To ſelect me for the high prieſt of Hymen, to make me a wither'd Cupid, ha, ha, ha! *(all riſe)*

Enter SHOPMAN.

Shop. The cavalcade is ready to move, and only waits for your honour.

Allſp. Then get my gown and wig; and my white wand. 'Tis very awful!

Cauſt. You look alarm'd—I've ſeen you before a judge without being frighten'd.

Allſp. Aye; but that was when I was a greater man than the judge, foreman of the jury—and then I'm not afraid of the devil.

M'Query. If you don't think my diffidence may increaſe yours, I'll attend.

Cauſt. Oh, no danger!

Allſp. Well, now I commence the perfect gemman. Damn it, ſtand back, *(to M'Query)* I muſt go firſt. Dick, fill this box with *backy*—Roger, yoke the coach. [*Exit. Allſpice and M'Query.*

CAUST. *is going, when* CLEM. *curtſies, and ſtops him.*

Clem. (ſobbing) Mr. Cauſtic, you were polite enough to find fault with my dreſs—I'll alter my gown any way you pleaſe, ſir.

Cauſt. So, here's a change! *(aſide)* By no means, ma'am.

Clem. But you have diſcernment, ſir.

Cauſt.

Cauſt. I have a little, ma'am. *(ſarcaſtically)* Good morning.

Clem. When may we expect the honour of ſeeing you again, ſir?

Cauſt. Well remember'd, Tangent will be here. Miſs Clementina, I intend to introduce to you my nephew, Mr. Tangent. Should he come before I return, I hope you'll welcome him.

Clem. (*with vivacity*) Dear ſir! Oh! oh! Mr. Tangent and I, then, are to be the happy pair: *(aſide)* Dear Mr. Cauſtic, I hope you have quite abandon'd your gout. I declare and vow, I was horrified at hearing you were ill.

Cauſt. Indeed, madam, I expected death.

Clem. Do you know that's extremely diſagreeable. I hope you will make it a point to keep well, Mr. Cauſtic. Pray take care of the ſteps—If you ſhou'd ſlip, I ſhou'd ſcream in ſuch a ſtyle, you have no idea. I muſt attend you.

Cauſt. You are too good. No.

Clem. I ſhall expire if I don't. Take care, dear Mr. Cauſtic. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

ALLSPICE'S SHOP.—*Two Shop Chairs.*

Shopman and woman diſcover'd.

Shop. I'm afraid ma'am, you'll find the parcel rather

ther heavy—I'll ſend it home. There's your change, ma'am. [*Exit woman.*

Enter TANGENT (*ſits down in a chair*).

Tang. Shopman, is Mr. Cauſtic here?

Shop. He's gone, ſir; but will return preſently.

Tang. Very well—I'll wait for him.

Shop. You'd better walk into the houſe, ſir:—the ſhop——

Tang. (*ſits and eats raiſins.*) I like the ſhop. Is your miſtreſs, miſs Clementina within, oh!

Shop. Yes, ſir.

Tang. I don't much reliſh this affair. However, it humours old Cauſtic ſo,—d'ye hear? tell her Mr. Tangent wiſhes to pay his reſpects—What are you about? (*riſes*)

Shop. Oh. I dare not go before miſs with my apron on—ſhe ſays its vulgar.

[*Exit.* (*after having put his apron on the chair*)

Tang. Ignorant prejudice! (*putting the apron round him*) By heavens, 'tis as honeſt an appendage, aye, and of as much benefit to ſociety too, as many long robes I've ſeen. (*ſets*) Tired to death of the courts—either as dull as a country church, or as vulgar as Billingſgate.

Enter JULIA FAULKNER.

Julia. I preſume, ſir, you belong here.

Tang. (*with ſurprize*) I, ma'am! heavens, what an angel! Ma'am—No—(*looking at himſelf*) Oh yes—yes,

yes, ma'am—I belong to the ſhop. *(throwing away his hat)* What a lovely creature!

Julia. Is Mr. Richard at home?

Tang. No, ma'am, Dicky has juſt ſtept out, ma'am—Intereſting beyond deſcription!

Julia. Then I muſt trouble you for theſe articles.

Tang. *(runs behind the counter)* Proud to ſerve you, ma'am—juſt take down the day-book—now I ſhall know my angel's name and abode. To be ſent, ma'am, to—*(writing in the day-book)*

Julia. There's ſomething very extraordinary in this young man—Sir, I'll ſend for them—Good morning.

Tang. S'death! I ſhall loſe her—Stop, ma'am, I beg pardon—but here are exactly the articles you want, ready packed, and I ſhall be happy in attending you home with them, ma'am—exceedingly happy.

Julia. His deportment and dreſs ſeem much above his ſituation—Sir I can't think of troubling you.

Tang. Trouble, ma'am! Never above my buſineſs. I'll attend you.

Julia. But there is none to attend the——

Tang. Oh, ma'am, Dicky is only in the houſe. What ſhall I do for a hat? *(Sees a ſmall one hanging up, puts it on)* Ma'am, I'll follow you—Dicky, mind the ſhop, Dicky—Oh, an angel! What the devil have I got here? 'tis infernally heavy. I'll follow you, ma'am—Dicky, take care of the ſhop.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter CLEM. *(with her eyes fix'd on the ground) and* SHOPMAN.

Clem. Mr. Tangent, your moſt obedient—I declare and vow——*(Looks up, then at the ſhopman)* Where's Mr. Tangent, fellow?

Shop. I left him here, ma'am, with my apron.

Clem. Then he's gone.

Shop. Ecod, and ſo is my apron.

Clem. Now, whether this is ſhocking vulgar, or extremely ſtyliſh, I've not the minuteſt atom of an idea. I dare ſay 'tis genteel.

Shop. (grumbling aſide) Not to take my apron.

Clem. Oh, I'm ſure 'tis fine breeding; for there's a certain brutality in high life that's enchanting. *(huzza without)* What horrid yell is that?

Shop. 'Tis my maſter, the ſheriff, miſs, come from the ſhow, huzza!

Clem. Silence, brute!

(WITHOUT) "*Room for the ſheriff.*"

Enter ALLSPICE *(with ſheriff's gown and wig, wiping his face).*

Allſp. Thank God 'tis over! I'd rather throw a hundred ſugar loaves into a cart, than go thro' it again. Well, Cleme, how goes on the ſhop?

Clem. You know, pa, I hate the ſhop.

Allſp. Oh fie, Cleme! don't let me hear you ſay that again. You dog, is that the way to tie up a parcel? *(to ſhopman, and gives a box on the ear)* Confound

found theſe trappings! Get me my apron, Cleme, will you?

Clem. I declare and vow, pa, your vulgarity horrifies me. Suppoſe you were to go to court with an addreſs, and be knighted, wou'd not your manners—

Allſp. Me knighted! Fiddleſtick's end. When ſuch chaps as I go to get dubb'd, if, inſtead of a ſword, his majeſty wou'd but order one of his beef-eaters, to lay a ſtick acroſs our ſhoulders, it wou'd be a hundred per cent the better. *(A loud knocking at the door)*

Enter ſheriff's ſervant, dreſt in the abſurdity of lace, large hat, &c.

Serv. Maiſter!

Clem. Mr. ſheriff, Brute!

Serv. You ſee I bes dizen'd out in new livery, he, he!

Clem. Take off your hat, ſavage.

Serv. I canna, miſs—Man has ſtuckn'on ſo faſt, he winna came off—he, he!

Allſp. Geoffry, 'tis hard to tell whether you or I look moſt ridiculous.

Serv. Ecod, maiſter, I think you have it.

Clem. Who's at the door?

Serv. Wauns I forgot. It be maiſter Daſhall fra Lunnun.

Allſp. Oh, my friend, Daſhall—ſhow him in. But let me get off theſe trappings—The Londoner will ſmoke me. *(pulls off his gown)*

Enter

Enter DASHALL.

Ah, Daſhall! Glad to ſee you. Ecod, you look comical tho'. Why, Dick, either your head or mine muſt be deviliſhly out of faſhion—

Daſh. Why, friend Toby, yours is more on the grand pas to be ſure. But very little head, you ſee, ſerves people of faſhion. So—there's the thirty thouſand pounder, I ſuppoſe. I ſay, Toby, who is that elegant creature?

Allſp. 'Tis my daughter. Don't you remember Cleme!

Daſh. *(addreſſing her)* You're an angel!

Allſp. Go, Cleme, and look after the people—To day, I give grand—ga ga—

Clem. Gala, pa! I've told you the name twenty times—

Allſp. Confound it! Gala then.

Clem. Sir, your moſt devoted.

Daſh. I adore you.

Clem. Oh, ſir! *(ſimpering)*

Daſh. To diſtraction, damme. *(looking thro' a glaſs)*

Clem. I vow you confuſe me in ſuch a ſtyle. [*Exit.*

Daſh. Oh, I ſee that account's ſettled—*(looking after her)* and now for the father. Oh, how does it tell? *(looks at Allſp. thro' a glaſs)*.

Allſp. What, that's the knowing, is it? *(imitating)*

Daſh. To be ſure. But, Toby, how did you come on at the courts?

Allſp. Oh, capitally. I made a ſpeech.

Daſh.

Daſh. A ſpeech?

Allſp. Yes, I did. Sam Smuggle you muſt know was found guilty of taking a falſe oath at the Cuſtom Houſe; ſo the judge order'd me to put Sam in the pillory. "An pleaſe you, my lord judge," ſays I, "I'd rather not." "Why ſo, Mr. ſheriff?" Becauſe, my lord, ſays I, "Sam Smuggle, no more than a "month ago, paid me 37*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.* as per ledger, and I make it a rule never to diſoblige a cuſtomer"—Then they all laughed—So you ſee I came off pretty well.

Daſh. Capitally. But an't you tired of this ſneaking retailing?

Allſp. Oh, yes, ſometimes of a Saturday—*Market day.*

Daſh. 'Tis a vile paltry bore. What do you make by this raffiſh ſhop of yours?

Allſp. Oh, a great deal. Laſt year 1745*l.* odd money.

Daſh. Contemptible! my clerk wou'd deſpiſe it. Why, in a ſingle monopoly I've touch'd ten times the ſum.

Allſp. Monopoly?

Daſh. To be ſure—the way we knowing ones thrive. You remember that on ſugar—a firſt rate thing, was it not?—diſtreſſed the whole town—made them take the worſt commodity at the beſt price: netted fifteen thouſand pounds by that.

Allſp. Why, I turned the penny by that myſelf.

Daſh. Turned the penny! be adviſed by me, and

you ſhall turn thouſands,—ay, and overturn thouſands.

Allſp. Shall I tho'? but did you ſell all that ſugar yourſelf?

Daſh. I ſell! never ſaw a loaf. No, my way is this—I generally take my firſt clerk a hunting with me; and when the hounds are at fault, we arrange theſe little matters.

Allſp. How free and eaſy! oh, you muſt be glorioufly rich.

Daſh. I won't tell you my circumſtances juſt now.

Allſp. Oh you're fly—you've your reaſons.

Daſh. I have. I'm very expenſive in my women tho'.

Allſp. Ah! mothers and ſiſters extravagant?

Daſh. Mothers and ſiſters! no, no.—Curſe me if I know how they carry on the war. Take in the flats at faro I ſuppoſe. No, I mean, the girls.

Allſp. What! not concubines, do you?

Daſh. To be ſure. But perhaps you don't like the girls, eh?

Allſp. Oh but I do tho'—I'll tell you a melancholy ſecret. Do you know that people in the country are ſo preciſe, and talk ſo about character, that, my dear friend, in the particular you mentioned, I am a very unhappy man.

Daſh. Oh, is it there I have you? then come to town, my gay fellow, enjoy affluence and pleaſure, and make a ſplaſh.

Allſp. Ecod, I ſhou'd like it. Even talking about

it, gives me a kind of ſwaggering, agreeable feel: and then the girls—the pretty profligates!

Daſh. Aye, you ſhall have my Harriet.

Allſp. Shall I? I'll do all I can to make her happy, yes, I will: and if ſhe likes almonds and raiſins, ſhe ſhall have —

Daſh. Almonds and raiſins! pearls and diamonds!

Allſp. Yes; but how am I to get them?

Daſh. You've heard of the Alley?

Allſp. Yes; but I don't underſtand it. Bulls and bears——

Daſh. I'll make you up to all—Cons—Reſcounters, ſhort ſtuff, bonus, backwardation, omnium gatherum--

Allſp. Aye; and what's being a lame duck?

Daſh. I'll ſhew you the way to be that too. I'll teach you the true waddle—let you into twenty good things beſides. We knowing ones have form'd a moſt capital plan for ſtarving the nation.

Allſp. Aye, but you forget that other knowing ones have formed a capital plan for preventing the ſtarving of the nation.

Daſh. Still I've a reſource.

Allſp. Have you? egad, you're a clever fellow.

Daſh. Come here.—If corn market don't anſwer, ſhip it coaſtwiſe—inſure it—veſſel leaky—ſtreſs of weather—come to an anchor—cut out by an enemy's privateer—all ſettled before-hand—receive value of cargo there—touch inſurance at home—do them both ways—knowing ſcheme.—The inventors will be immortal.

Allſp.

Allſp. *(aſide)* And if I had my will, they ſhould be immortal in a week. Supply an enemy! dam'me if I do that.

Daſh. Oh, ho! bad voyage this, I muſt about ſhip.

Allſp. I love money dearly, and I love the pretty girls, but——

Daſh. And Harriet will adore you.

Allſp. Oh, do you ſay ſo? I tell you what I'll do—I'll ſtart gallant to-day—I'll make a ſplaſh among the ladies at my—what's the name on't?

Daſh. Gala. But you muſt get rid of that porcupine frizzle. You muſt be cropt in this way.

Allſp. Bleſs you, I've plenty of hair under my wig.

Daſh. That's lucky *(aſide)*—So—I've got him pretty tight in hand.

Allſp. You'll ſee how I'll ogle and ſwagger. Come along. Oh, Toby's the boy to tickle them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in FAULKNER'S *Houſe.*

Enter FAULKNER *and* M'QUERY.

Faulk. Does my attorney in town refuſe to proceed?

M'Query. Without caſh he does.

Faulk. He knows the law is with me to a certainty.

M'Query. Law and certainty! you really forget what you are talking about.

Faulk. Moſt likely: for I am mad. *(walking about)*

M'Query. I'm ſorry for you, Captain, indeed I am, tho' I'm only an attorney, I'm ſorry.

Faulk. Oh, ſir, don't outrage your tender nature.

Enter CAUSTIC.

Cauſt. Captain Faulkner, your moſt obedient—I call'd, ſir, reſpecting—but you're engaged.

Faulk. Pray, ſir, be ſeated.

Cauſt. My buſineſs, ſir, is of ſo little importance either to you or myſelf, that—he ſeems agitated—I'll take another opportunity—good morning—I'll juſt take a peep into the courts, and ſee how Tangent comes on in the law—oh, he'll be chancellor.

Enter JULIA, *followed by* TANGENT, *carrying the Parcel*—JULIA *bows to* CAUSTIC, *in paſſing.*

Tang. Zounds! my uncle!

Cauſt. Eh! what!—yes—no—it can't be!

Faulk. Well, my dear, have you made your purchaſes?

Tang. Yes, ſir; the real black hyſon—ſweet, pretty article—defies the trade to ſell more cheaperer than us do—ma'am *(bowing to Julia, and peeping at Cauſtic)* oh—he knows me.

Cauſt. 'Tis he, by all that's furious.

Faulk. Not quite ſo familiar, if you pleaſe, ſir. Well recollected—I want——

Cauſt. And I want—patience.

Tang. We don't ſell it, ſir.

Cauſt. (turning him round) Oh, you incorrigible—

Tang. Ah, is it you? how do you do, uncle?—muſt brazen it out.

Cauſt. 'Sdeath, ſir, what's that? *(pointing to the apron)* and what the devil are you at now?

Tang. Trade—commerce, uncle—ſoul of ſir Thomas Greſham—thou, who in the compting-houſe of the gods, ſitteſt——

Cauſt. Stop, ſtop, I ſay—have you forgot the woolſack?—think of the woolſack!

Tang. I do—wool is a ſtaple commodity. Commerce, I ſay—

Cauſt. I ſay, law.

Tang. The theory of commerce is abſtruſe, and very little underſtood.

Cauſt. Why, ſo is law.

Tang. Commerce ſhews you what money will do.

Cauſt. So does law.

Tang. Commerce enriches the country.

Cauſt. So does—no, no!

Faulk. Sir, as father to this lady, I muſt demand an explanation of ſuch extraordinary conduct.

Tang. With all my heart. Sir, your lovely daughter came to Allſpice's ſhop, when—I don't recollect how—but ſomehow or other, I had got this apron round me—ſhe took me for the ſhopman; and for the pleaſure of beholding her, I became a porter, and to continue that happineſs, wou'd become *(ſeeing M'Query)*—an attorney. This is the fact: I can't tell a lie for the ſoul of me.

M'Query. Can't you? then I wou'd recommend you not to become an attorney.

Tang. Trade's the thing, uncle—underſtand it all—

I'll ſnip off a yard of ribbon with e'er a ſix-foot haberdaſher in town, return the drawer to it's place with a ſmack—roll up change in a bit of paper—ſmirk—preſent it with the counter-bow—an't I perfect, ma'am? *(Faulk. and Julia ſmile.)*

Cauſt. Mr. Tangent.

Faulk. Ah!

Julia. My father!

Faulk. Tangent! damnation!

Cauſt. I caſt you off, ſir, for ever! 'ſdeath! were you my own child, your undutiful conduct wou'd be natural and excuſable. But you've no right to make me miſerable—I'm not your father, and I inſiſt—

Faulk. And I inſiſt that my houſe may not be made the ſcene of your buffoonery.

Tang. Upon my ſoul, ſir, I——

Faulk. And that you take leave of it, and that lady for ever.

Julia. Oh ſir, ſurely——

Faulk. (frowningly) Girl!

Cauſt. (to Tangent) There—I'm glad on't. And now, ſir, you may think of the woolſack, ſir, or you may ſnip ribbons, ſir—or wrap up halfpence in whitey-brown paper ſir—I have done with you, ſir—and there's the counter-bow for you, ſir. Captain Faulkner, good morning. [*Exit.*

Faulk. Confuſion!

Tang. Captain Faulkner! then I may hear of my friend. Sir, tho' your conduct to me has been harſh, I flatter myſelf, unmeritedly ſo, yet my anxiety to hear

of a loſt friend induces me to ſolicit what I ſhou'd otherwiſe deſpiſe.

Faulk. Be brief, ſir.

Tang. Charles Richmond—Charles Richmond, ſir—is he no more?

Faulk. He fell by my ſide.

Tang. Poor Charles! I remember, when we were at college, we agreed, that whoever died batchelor, ſhou'd make the ſurvivor his heir; but he was too generous to be rich. Did he, ſir, leave any money?

Faulk. (with trepidation) Not—not—that I—know of—agony!

M'Query. No, not that he knows of. I'll bring you off.

Faulk. Be dumb!

Tang. No, he muſt have died poor; for villany itſelf could not wrong ſo noble a fellow.

Faulk. Fiends! tortures!

M'Query. Died poor, certainly. Do you ſuppoſe now, that if he had given any money to Mr. ——

Faulk. Silence, dog!

M'Query. Every dog has his day! *(aſide)*

Faulk. Where are you going?

M'Query. With Mr. Tangent.

Faulk. I'll not truſt you. Dare not for your life ſpeak to him.

M'Query. I ſuppoſe I may go home.

Faulk. This way then. Remember, I am no trifler. This way I ſay. [*Exit with M'Query.*

Tang. Madam, am I to conclude ſo trivial a levity could occaſion Captain Faulkner's behaviour, or——

Julia. Sir, I am wholly ignorant *(ſighs)*. I never ſaw my father ſo before.

Tang. And may I hope, loveliеſt of women, that the ſentiments of that tender boſom——

Julia. Sir, the ſentiment that governs here, is implicit obèdience to a father's will. He is returning. Pray leave me.

Tang. May I not hope, miſs Faulkner, that——

Julia. I beg, ſir—

Tang. Only——farewel! [*Exit.*

Julia. How eccentric, yet how intereſting! what can my father mean?

Re-enter FAULKNER, *with caution.*

Faulk. Is he gone? thank heaven!

Julia. Pray, ſir, has Mr. Tangent——

Faulk. Do you combine to torture?——

Julia. Oh, my father, kill me, but do not frown on me.

Faulk. Kill thee, Julia.—Oh, I'm to blame.—But my mind is in agony.

Julia. May I not ſhare it? may I not alleviate it?

Faulk. No, no.—We muſt leave this town to-day.

Julia. Sir!

Faulk. Thy father, Julia, is a beggar.

Julia. Ah!

Faulk. Worſe—He has contracted debts he cannot diſcharge, and muſt, like a raſcal, fly.

Julia.

Julia. Bear up, my heart!

Faulk. Nay, worſe — Thy father is — But why ſhould I agonize her more?

Julia. Oh, don't deſpair.—We ſhall do very well. I can work, indeed I can—I am a ſtrong girl—*(faints)*

Faulk. Revive, my child!—I ſhelter'd thee from miſery while it was poſſible.

Julia. Is what your anceſtors left you, loſt, all loſt?

Faulk. Yes, Julia, all—*(aſide)* for they left me honour.—But we muſt fly.

Julia. Whither, my father?

Faulk. Any where, to avoid——

Julia. Mr. Tangent?

Faulk. I charge thee, name him not.—Go in.

Julia. Oh, my father, do not leave me—I dread being alone.

Faulk. I will but ruminate awhile, then come to thee.

Julia. But, preſently?

Faulk. Aye, aye.

Julia. But, very ſoon?

Faulk. Yes, my child:—go in. [*Exit Julia.*

Well, I lied it ſtoutly—the verieſt raſcal, that eats the bread of perjury, could not have lied it with more unbluſhing boldneſs. Where ſhall I fly? the poor honeſt man, e'en in this knaviſh world, has ſome few friends, the rich villain more; but the poor raſcal—Ha! firſt a thief, and then a liar—what follows? ſome devil whiſpers, a ſelf-murderer. But oh! can I leave my girl to poverty, to ſcorn, to diſhonour?—No, no!

we part not. What remains?—To go to Tangent—crawl in the duſt, and be ſpurn'd by him!—rot and damn firſt!—deſpair then is only left: for the world's palliations, as degrees of guilt—the law of neceſſity will not give comfort here. No, to the truly proud, the firſt ſtep from honour is perdition.

Enter JULIA.

Julia. My father! you ſaid you'd come to me—don't be angry. Oh, do you ſmile on me? then Julia cannot be unhappy *(embraces Faulkner)*. You frown'd juſt now—'twas the firſt time: indeed it cut my heart. Come, ſir, be chearful; for poverty cannot chill the conſcious glow of virtue, nor dim the celeſtial radiance of honour.

Faulk. Oh! [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Room in M'QUERY'S *Houſe.*

Enter M'QUERY *and* SERVANT.

Servant.

Lady Sorrel to wait upon you.

M'Query. Deſire lady Sorrel to walk in.

[*Exit ſervant, and re-enter with lady Sorrel.*

Your moſt obſequious, my lady. How am I to have the honour of ſerving you? Is it your will I'm to make?

Lady Sor. My will, ſir!

M'Query. Oh what a blunder! Becauſe ladies often make their wills, when they ſhou'd be making their marriage articles.

Lady Sor. You gentlemen of the long robe flatter.

M'Query. You flatter, my lady! I of the long robe! No, I'm only, as I may ſay, a mere ſpencer of the law—Oh, how I love female clients! They are ſo eaſily pleas'd—*(aſide)* and ſo eaſily impoſed on.

Lady Sor. You are too polite. But that is the characteriſtic of Ireland—I've been there: and had I remain-

remained, it is a country I ſhou'd have been tranſported with.

Mc Query. (aſide) And had I remained there, it is a country I ſhou'd have been tranſported from.

Lady Sor. Mr. Tangent, who poſſeſſes many amiable qualities—in my approbation of men, ſir, I always uſe diſcernment.

Mc Query. Oh you do—*(aſide)* For you always approve of young ones.

Lady Sor. He has fallen in love with a miſs Faulkner, whoſe father is, I hear, poor and proud. Pray, ſir, do you know any thing about him?

Mc Query. A little: and one thing I know, is, that he owes me fifty pounds, and has not a ſhilling to pay me.

Lady Sor. Indeed! If any thing cou'd prevent Tangent's attachment to the lady (a little witch) it wou'd certainly be for their good.—Does it ſtrike you how you cou'd be of ſervice to this captain and his fair daughter?

Mc Query. Not at all.

Lady Sor. What do you think of ſending them to —to——jail?

Mc Query. Jail! *(aſide)* Faith, that's one way of being of ſervice. Why, it's a good place for them to recollect themſelves in.

Lady Sor. And would prevent Tangent's ſeeing her.

Mc Query. And, bring down the pride of the father.

Lady Sor. And, as they are poor, wou'd contract their expenſes.

Mc Query.

Mc Query. Apartment found them for nothing there, you know.

Lady Sor. Well, then, as captain Faulker owes you money, ſuppoſe you were to arreſt——

Mc Query. Oh I can't—I can't in honour, becauſe *(aſide)* I ſhou'd get nothing by it. Here is his bond. Now, many people take fancies to bonds—for my part, I'd juſt as ſoon have ready money—It's a mighty pretty bond; and if you purchaſe it, I'll ſend him to jail with all the pleaſure in life; for then, you know, I'm only an attorney in the buſineſs; and 'tis no matter what I do.

Lady Sor. (aſide) How fortunate! Now I ſhall be revenged. Very well. Aſſign it to me; and, as we agree it will be for their good, you may as well arreſt——

Mc Query. Yes; I'll give the captain a wholeſome tap on the ſhoulder. In the next room is parchment, pen, and ink.

Lady Sor. I am going to Allſpice's gala. I ſuppoſe you will be there to pay your court to the barriſters?

Mc Query. No; I go there to have the barriſters pay court to me. You'll ſee the young ones crowd about me, like a plate full of potatoes round a butter-boat, and try to wheedle me out of a light half guinea. Oh, miſs Faulkner is no more to be compared to you, madam, than a little twinkling ſtar is to the full moon.

Lady Sor. Ah, ſir, flattery's another characteriſtic of your country.

Mc Query. My words exactly expreſs my meaning, my

my lady; and that's another characteriſtic of my country. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A ſpacious ſuite of Rooms, brilliantly illuminated,—muſic playing—card tables, &c.

Enter CLEMENTINA.

Clem. What a horrid, capricious, old wretch that Mr. Cauſtic is! Juſt now, when, to humour him, I praiſed his nephew, he inſiſted I ſhould not name him. Well, I vow I'm glad of that; for Mr. Daſhall is far more toniſh. I obſerved him to-day, with his hands in his pockets, elbowing every body, treading on the ladies' toes, and without any apology, tearing their dreſſes in ſuch a ſtyle—

Enter DASHALL. *(looking round)*

Daſh. A gay thing, ma'am, faith—all elegance—

Clem. Except pa. Oh, ſir, did you hear him at dinner? He roſe up—(all the company were ſilent, expecting a complimentary addreſs) and roars out, "Ladies and gentlemen, pray don't ſpare the pickles, for there are plenty in the ſhop." Oh, I bluſhed in ſuch a ſtyle.

Daſh. Ha, ha! Upon my ſoul—and all that—you're a fine creature! and intereſt my feelings more than any event, ſince Waxy, the race-horſe, won the Derby.

Clem. How flattering! How elegant! will you love me, ſir?

Daſh.

Daſh. May virtue ſeize me, if, when we're married, I don't adore you!

Clem. Adore me!

Daſh. Yes; that is, faſhionably.

Clem. Certainly.

Daſh. You would not have us found together debtor and creditor, in your father's ledger, or ſtuck together like his figs.

Clem. Oh! ſhocking!

Daſh. No; ours ſhall be a ſtyliſh adoration—ſeparate beds—you making a daſh with your friend in one curricle; I making a ſplaſh with mine in another. You at Bath—I at Newmarket—

Clem. Oh charming! Hail, connubial love! Oh, here comes Mr. Cauſtic.

Daſh. Then you ſhall ſee me *hoax* him.

Clem. Oh no. It is he that has the diſpoſal of my aunt's fortune.

Daſh. Oh, that's the reaſon that all the women were paying court to him. I ſwear, he look'd like the grand ſignior with a ſeraglio at his heels.

Clem. But it all won't do. I am the favour'd ſultana.

At the top of the ſtage, enter CAUSTIC *bowing to a number of ladies about him, who paſs off.*

Cauſt. Ma'am, your moſt obedient—miſs, your devoted. Good-day, madam—oh, miſs, happy to ſee you. *(coming forward)* Oh my back! my back! I muſt go home, ha, ha! But I can't help laughing at the

the abſurd adulation paid me. I who was yeſterday a ſour curmudgeon, am to-day the monopolizer of all human excellence. Oh my poor back! Oh world! world!

Clem. How do you do, ſir?

Cauſt. *(bows)* Your moſt obedient.

Clem. I hope, ſir, you approve of our muſic and gala.

Cauſt. To ſay the truth, madam, I preferr'd my own.

Clem. Your own, I vow! Pray, when did you give a gala, Mr. Cauſtic?

Cauſt. In the laſt froſt, madam, to two hundred paupers and their helpleſs families—and we had our dancing too, ma'am: for the little chubby brats in merry anticks gambol'd round my knees: and we had muſic too, madam; for the widows ſung for joy.

Clem. Oh charming!

Daſh. Damn'd fine indeed! I think with you certainly, ſir, that—what the devil is the word? Benevolence, is it not?

Clem. Yes, there is ſuch a word—

Daſh. Aye—benevolence, virtue, and all that, are at times extremely amuſing.

Cauſt. Amuſing! ſir, virtue is the buſineſs of our lives; all elſe is its idleneſs.

Clem. I vow, ſir, I was ſhocked to ſee you ſo teized by the fulſome attentions of the women. Flattery is not the way to ſecure the approbation of a man——

Daſh. Of your fine feelings and underſtanding.

Cauſt.

Cauſt. It is not indeed! *(aſide)* Madam, Mr. Allſpice wants you.

Daſh. Favour me with your hand.

Clem. Sir, your devoted. Ah, what worlds of feeling!

Daſh. What oceans of ſenſe! *(apart)* I fancy we've tickled him in a capital ſtyle.

Clem. Very neatly, too! ha, ha!

[*Exeunt ſmiling and nodding approbation to each other.*

Cauſt. Theſe excite but laughter and contempt; but my vexatious nephew's tormenting.—But this I'm reſolved on,—if ever again he dare to—

Enter TANGENT *not obſerving* CAUSTIC.

Tang. Julia Faulkner! Julia Faulkner! By heaven, her beauty might ſet the world at war, and make another ſiege of Troy: and oh! were I general at that ſiege, I'd build caſtles—

Cauſt. Aye, that you wou'd!

Tang. 'Sdeath! What ſhou'd oppoſe me? Sword in hand I'd ſtorm the breach—*(puſhing between two chairs)* I'd fire the palace, pull down the gates—*(ſnatches up a chair)* and ruſh into her arms, *(is near embracing Cauſtic)*—ah, uncle, is it you?

Cauſt. Keep off! How dare you approach me, you—are you not a pretty fellow?

Tang. So the ladies ſay, ſir.

Cauſt. And a fool?

Tang. So I ſay, ſir.

Cauſt. And a libertine?

Tang. So you ſay, ſir.

Cauſt. And what do you ſay for yourſelf?—A profeſs'd libertine?

Tang. Sir, I ſay that I practiſe what I profeſs; which is more than you moraliſts can ſay.

Cauſt. Pſha! and the world ſays you're a coxcomb.

Tang. Damn the world then for making me one. How the devil can I help being a coxcomb, when I ſee a flattering fool like myſelf idolized, and modeſt worth deſpiſed? Uncle, the temple of Folly wou'd ſoon be without votaries, had it not the world for its worſhippers.

Cauſt. But zounds! did the world clap you on the woolſack? did the world put you on an apron, or deſire you to make another ſiege of Troy?

Tang. Upon my ſoul, I'm aſham'd of myſelf; but by future perſeverance and diligence, I'll atone for my follies. Come, uncle, forgive the paſt—ſhake hands.

Cauſt. No—well—there—aye, Frank, perſevere, and you may ſoon convert your air-built caſtle into a ſolid one of brick and mortar.

Tang. True; then every one will ſay, his character does not reſt on the flimſy baſis of hereditary worth, but on the noble exertion of talent.

Cauſt. That's well ſaid.

Tang. Then I with conſcious dignity will walk thro' my hall—my ſervants ranged on each ſide—I bend to them with eaſe, call my agent, and ſay to him, diſtribute an hundred pounds to—

Cauſt.

Cauſt. Death and fury, you're at it again!

Tang. No, no—that was only—

Cauſt. What will drive me mad. 'Sdeath! what is talent without the will and means to exert it? 'Tis Newton without his teleſcope, or Handel without his organ.—Remember, this is your laſt, laſt warning! [*Exit.*

Tang. He's certainly right. That Handel was a great man; and tho' bereft of one ſenſe, how amply was another gratified! For what can ſtrike more gratefully on the heart, than hearing the honourable applauſe of an impartial public?

Enter CAUSTIC.

Cauſt. I'll juſt take a peep, and ſee the effect my lecture has had.

Tang. Tho' Handel was blind, how I envy him his ſenſations, when, ſeated before an enraptured audience, he thus began, and charmed all hearts—*(ſhuts his eyes and plays on the table)* Oh, charming! bravo!

Cauſt. (ſtriking the table with his ſtick) You villain! if ever I ſpeak to you again, may I——I diſcard you for ever—for ever—and for ever! [*Exit.*

Tang. Oh, confound this crack'd head! What a ſcrape have I got into.

Enter CLEMENTINA.

Clem. Mr. Tangent!

Tang. So, here's the wife he intends for me. Mar-

ry her, and doat on Julia. Sweet ſituation mine wou'd be! I can very well fancy myſelf——

Clem. Brute! ſir, my pa wiſhes to ſpeak—

Tang. I'll come to your pa. *(ruminating, and not looking at her)* No, Julia, I'll be only thine—I'll come to your pa.

Clem. This way, ſir.

Tang. (riſing and following) I'll come to your pa—I'll be only thine, my Julia—I'll come to your pa—*(follows Clementina to one ſide of the ſtage, and walks out abſorb'd in thought at the oppoſite ſide)*

Clem. Gone! Well, this is certainly beyond all the fine breeding I ever ſaw—Miſs Faulkner?

Enter JULIA, *in great agitation, her hair diſorder'd.*

Julia. Oh, madam, forgive this intruſion—you told me you had a friendſhip for me. Oh, ſhow it now! my father is arreſted—in a dreadful ſituation. *(kneeling)*

Clem. So are you, my dear, in a dreadful ſituation. Never kneel in a public room.

Julia. (riſes) Madam, I ſaid my dear father,—the beloved author of my being, is in a priſon.

Clem. Well?

Julia. Well! we're ruined, madam.

Clem. That's certainly extremely diſagreeable.

Julia. What ſhall I do?

Clem. Oh, my dear, don't mind it—arreſted! Nothing can be more faſhionable. I dare ſay all will be well. Good bye! I'm ſorry I can't aſſiſt you; but the guinea

guinea loo-table waits for me. Pray come and ſee me when your affairs are ſettled. Good bye, my dear! Good bye! Good bye! [*Exit.*

Julia. This, in proſperity, was my warmeſt friend. Alas! ſuch friends are as the leaves that clothe the tree in the genial ſummer, but leave it naked to the winter's blaſt. Whither ſhall I go? Heavens! Mr. Tangent!

Enter TANGENT. *(muſing)*

Sir—hold! did not my father forbid my ſpeaking to him? But is not that father in want?

Tang. Married to a woman I diſlike. *(ſits)*

Julia. Married! Oh, my heart! Julia, this is no time for thy ſorrows.

Tang. 'Sdeath! if I'm miſerable, what ſignifies my having thouſands in my pockets?—

Julia. How fortunate!

Tang. Marry for thirty thouſand! Pſha! *(takes box)* With decent luck I'd win it in ten minutes.—Did you ſay, ſir, you'd ſet me 500*l.*—done! Seven's the main, and ſix I have—off in two throws a thouſand—done—ſix it is! Bravo! Come, gentlemen, a thouſand each if you pleaſe.

Julia. Mr. Tangent, I want——

Tang. Double or quit? you ſhall have it *(turning round.)*—Heavens! miſs Faulkner! damn this head of mine—it's in ſuch a whirl.

Julia. Oh, ſir, pity and relieve!

Enter DASHALL *at the back Scene.*

Tang. Madam!

Daſh. What's here? fine girl, faith!

Julia. I know my behaviour is wild, is imprudent; but my excuſe is, a father in priſon and broken hearted—ſave but him.—For myſelf I care not.

Tang. By heaven ſhe puts herſelf in my power, and what an exquiſite temptation! here's an opportunity to eſtabliſh my character as a man of gallantry! hold! here's an opportunity to eſtabliſh my reputation as a man of honour. The father of my love in priſon, and I without change for ſixpence—I'll go this inſtant and borrow money at 500 per cent.—I'll——

Julia. I'm ſure you'll relieve me—I'm ſure you have a generous heart. The debt is but fifty pounds. I heard you ſay you had thouſands in your pocket.

Tang. Yes, yes, ma'am, I ſaid—that—I—that is I—Oh! curſe this crack'd head! but I'll get the money inſtantly. Miſs Faulkner, it is with ſhame and confuſion I declare, that at this moment it is not in my power to be of the leaſt aſſiſtance. [*Exit.*

Julia. Is it poſſible? is this the man to whom I've given my heart?—'tis too much *(is near fainting, when Daſhall runs to her aſſiſtance)* ah! a ſtranger!

Daſh. Don't be alarmed, young lady—*(aſide)* I ſee I muſt give her a touch of the ſober citizen. Madam, I heard your diſtreſs; I am inquiſitive after ſorrow—I poſſeſs a large fortune, 'tis true; but only in truſt for the worthy who want it. A ſober, plodding citi-

zen,

zen, as you ſee, plain in my manners, plainer in my dreſs—deſpiſe powder and embroidery—a mere London merchant!

Julia. The world knows their benevolence.

Daſh. Pretty well. But you muſt not ſuppoſe all London merchants like me.

Julia. Will you, ſir—will you, then, ſave my father? I can't expreſs what I feel.

Daſh. (aſide) That's very odd! when I can ſo well expreſs what I do not feel. Madam, I will do it.

Julia. Then, ſir, I'll expect you at the priſon where my father is.

Daſh. No, no!—I can't tell you why; but I have a ſtrange antipathy to priſons. But in two hours time at the gate of it, if you pleaſe.

Julia. Sir, I'll bleſs you.

Daſh. (aſide) Upon my ſoul I mean it. Now I ſuppoſe I ſhou'd ſay gallant things, but I cannot. Suffice it, I will be there.

Julia. Farewell!—happy, happy Julia! [*Exit Julia.*

Daſh. I will be there ready—with a poſt-chaiſe and four to carry you off, my nice one—then chevy, away for the next town—confine her—ſwear ſhe's a runaway wife—return—marry miſs Allſpice—do old Toby out of the ready. Ha, ha! here he comes—what a gig it is!

Enter ALLSPICE, *his hair cropt, a full-dreſs coat on, ſinging*—"Lovely Nymph, aſſuage my anguiſh."

Allſp. Well, here I am—as gay a daſher as the beſt of you—ſnug about the head, eh?

Daſh. But what a quiz of a coat you've on!

Allſp. Don't you like it? it was my grandfather's.

Daſh. Your dinner was ſtyliſh, faith.

Allſp. Very; but it had one little fault. There was nothing to eat—grottoes, trees, fountains, ſweetmeat ſhepherdeſſes, and buttered Cupids in plenty,—nothing elſe. I ſhou'd have been half ſtarved, had I not luckily looked over my ſhoulder, and there beheld my old friend, the honoured ſirloin, on the ſideboard—I could have cried to ſee him ſo diſgraced; but I order'd him to be conducted to the top of the table, and the muſic to ſtrike up "Oh the Roaſt Beef of Old England!" and, then, how I ogled the girls, and how they titter'd at me! women give a man's ideas ſo elegant a turn. I'm as much above what I was, as a hogſhead is to a butter firkin.

Daſh. Butter firkin! curſe it, and ſink it, Toby, talk like a gentleman. But, I ſay, you ſeem a little damaged.

Allſp. Yes; funny, an't I? I got hold of a little bottle, ſuch as they put ketchup in—by the bye I can ſell you ſome very fine ketchup, if you want any—It was deviliſh good, yoyeo they call it.

Daſh. Yoyeo! pſha! noyau.

Allſp. Well, well, noyau. Egad, when I found it coſt a guinea, and that I was to pay for it—I drank it all every drop.

Daſh. A guinea! bagatelle! I'll put you in a way to drink it every day.

Allſp. How, my dear friend?

Daſh.

Daſh. I've had a letter from my clerk.

Allſp. Your hunting clerk?

Daſh. Yes; he has a ſcheme of buying up furs, by which 100 per cent. muſt be made in a month.—A trifle—five thouſand—will do; but at preſent my caſh is here and there. Indeed at this moment I can't exactly tell you where it is. But if you ſhould like it——

Allſp. You would not have me lay out five thouſand pounds in muffs and tippets, wou'd you?

Daſh. Five thouſand! I've ſpeculated deeper in darning needles.—But you have not the caſh?

Allſp. Yes but I have tho'—that ſum in the houſe too—I intended to buy with it half an eſtate valued at ten thouſand pounds.

Daſh. Then defer the purchaſe one month, and I'll engage you ſhall buy the whole.

Allſp. Oh charming! ah, but ſhould it fail—

Daſh. But it can't fail—if it do, then blame me.

Allſp. That's enough.

Daſh. All you will have to do, will be to come to town in a month, and hug your ten thouſand pounds, as ſure as the ſweet Harriet will hug you.

Allſp. Oh the pretty one! That has fixed me. When the company is gone, I'll give you bank notes to the amount:—and tell your hunting clerk, if he'll make the five thouſand ten, I'll give him a guinea. Oh, what a rich, jolly dog I ſhall be! let's go and have another touch at the little bottle,—another guinea's worth—damn the expence! and drink confuſion to

retailing,

retailing, and Harriet's health in a bumper! "Lovely Nymph," &c. [*Exit ſinging.*

Daſh. If this is'nt doing it, the devil's in it, ha, ha! I've bother'd the daughter, and tickled old Cauſtic in a capital ſtyle,—that's a dead thirty thouſand.—Humbugged the old one here out of five, and ſhall carry off the nice girl to a certainty. What a ſplaſh I ſhall make along Cheapſide! what a ſwagger I ſhall cut at Lloyd's! how the city bucks will ſtare, and, may be, dreſs at me. And then we ſhall have Birmingham Daſhalls as well as Birmingham Dukes. Oh, I'm a neat article! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

M'QUERY'S OFFICE.

Enter M'QUERY *and* TANGENT.

Tang. Come, come, the money—quick!

M'Query. You'll pay deviliſh dear for it.

Tang. 'Sdeath! that's my affair.

M'Query. You muſt give your bond for five hundred pounds.

Tang. What caſh am I to touch?

M'Query. Two. I can't afford more on my honour.

Tang. Your honour!

M'Query. My honour? yes, honour is the conſervation of ſociety—(Oh, I wiſh I cou'd recollect Captain Faulkner's flaſhy ſpeech)—Honour! is—upon my ſoul I can't tell what honour is.

Tang.

Tang. I believe you. But you mention'd Captain Faulkner's name.

Mc Query. Yes. Oh, I could ſell you a nice ſecret about him.

Tang. (anxiouſly) Tell me a ſecret, did you ſay?

Mc Query. No—I ſaid, *ſell* you a ſecret.

Tang. Well, I am a buyer—any thing reſpecting him is intereſting.

Mc Query. And you may get a thouſand pounds by it.

Tang. Make your own terms.

Mc Query. Faulkner has humm'd you out of that ſum.

Tang. Impoſſible!

Mc Query. Your friend, Charles Richmond, left it to you, and the old ſly thief *ſmuſhed* it. He told a palavering ſtory about diſtreſſes, and his dear daughter, and his wife's funeral, and a parcel of balderdaſh.

Tang. (aſide) Poor Faulkner! my heart bleeds for him. This explains his behaviour.

Mc Query. Then he has had a law-ſuit; but he's non-ſuited, as this letter will ſhew you *(gives Tangent a letter.)*

Tang. Come, ſir, draw the bond. *(looks at the letter)* —What's this? *(reads)* "I remit you your ſhare of "the bribe for the error in Faulkner's declaration;— "have alſo received, under his power of attorney, two "thouſand pounds prize-money." Scoundrels! "Which "is much better in our hands than his.—The more we "diſtreſs him, the leſs danger there is of detection."

Mc Query.

M'Query. (writing) You ſee by that letter how things are, and what care I've taken of the Captain's property.

Tang. I'll put this in my pocket, and read it at leiſure.

M'Query. No, no—I'm always for vouchers—that letter ſhou'd not be loſt.

Tang. There I agree with you. Eh, I have it—*(Tears off the half ſheet with the contents of the letter, from the half ſheet that contains the addreſs, wraps that up, and gives it to M'Query.)* So—there's the letter.

M'Query. Let me ſee *(looking at it)*—Now—that's as it ſhould be *(putting it in his pocket.)*

Tang. Exactly—Is the bond ready?

M'Query. Aye, ſign away.

Tang. (ſigning the bond) But we have no witneſs.

M'Query. Oh! I've a clerk will ſet his hand to it at any time.—That Faulkner's a pretty fellow, is'nt he? To be ſure, the coolneſs with which ſome people take others' property is amazing *(taking up the bond)*—In two hours' time you ſhall have the two hundred pounds.

Tang. Very well; I muſt go, and tickle my old uncle, and then away to relieve poor Faulkner.

M'Query. You've got the money very dear.

Tang. 'Tis falſe. The ſenſation I feel at this moment is cheap at ten times the ſum. [*Exit.*

M'Query. Rather a neat morning's work.

Enter CAUSTIC.

Cauſt. Where's Mr. Tangent?

M'Query. This moment gone.

Cauſt.

Cauſt. I hear the fool's in love with a miſs Faulkner,—a female fortune-hunter, I ſuppoſe. Aye, like her ſex—ſharp as a razor.—You've found them ſo, I dare ſay.

M'Query. Oh yes; and, like a razor, I've found ſtrapping a mighty good thing for them.

Cauſt. And does he think I'll forgive this?

M'Query. He does. He ſays he'll tickle you.

Cauſt. Tickle me, will he? we'll ſee that. Except in the article of money; there, indeed, he has reformed. Thank heaven, he don't borrow thouſands of you now.

M'Query. No—he only borrows five hundreds.

Cauſt. Eh! what do you mean?

M'Query. There's his bond, you ſee.

Cauſt. I'm petrified!

M'Query. I'll ſell it you.

Cauſt. Sell it me! he owes me thouſands—a profligate! I ſhall be ruined—a beggar! but I'll humble him. He knows the way to tickle me, you know—now we'll ſee—arreſt him—I'll ſhew him I can tickle him—I order you, ſir, to arreſt him.

M'Query. With all my heart and ſoul.—You will make the affidavit, and I will touch him up with a bit of a capias.

Cauſt. Aye, a capias. I'll humble him.

M'Query. Then follow that up with a fi—fa.

Cauſt. Aye, a fi—fa.

M'Query. If that won't do, tip him a ca—ſa.

Cauſt. Aye, tip him a ca—ſa. He can tickle me, can he? a profligate! come along! [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter DASHALL *and* POSTILLION.

Poſt. The chaiſe is ready, your honour.

Daſh. Capital horſes, eh?

Poſt. Like myſelf—blood every inch.

Daſh. Snug, you dog.

Poſt. Oh, as ſharp as my ſpurs. [*Exit.*

Daſh. How ſurpriſed the girl will be, ha, ha! curſe me if I can help laughing to think how ſhe'll cry, ha, ha!

Enter NED *and another.*

Bailiffs, by all that's——

Ned. Ah, maſter Daſhall, how are you?

Daſh. *(keeping at a conſiderable diſtance)* How do you do, Ned? how do you do?

Ned. You need not be afraid.

Daſh. *(ſtill keeping off)* Afraid! no to be ſure. I know that.

Ned. We don't want you.

Daſh. *(heſitating)* Eh, don't you tho'?

Ned. Honour!

Daſh. Oh, honour *(coming up and ſhaking hands.)*

Ned. Honour among thieves.

Daſh. By the Lord you frighten'd me.

Ned. We are not bailiffs now—we're in the mad line.

Daſh. Mad line!

Ned. We belong to Dr. Coercion, and are come after a patient that has eſcaped—a mad lawyer.

Daſh. Mad lawyer! I always thought it was the client who was out of his ſenſes. Well, good bye, Ned. 'Sdeath! here comes Tangent, perhaps to relieve Faulkner: and then I loſe the girl—Eh, it would be knowing, he, he! here goes! ſo, Ned, you're come here after a mad lawyer.—Do you know his perſon?

Ned. No.

Daſh. I do, intimately; and, by heaven, here he comes! that's he—don't he look as if he was mad?

Ned. Oh, a clear caſe—now, this is ſo kind of you.

Daſh. You'll take care of the poor fellow—ecod, Ned, you frighten'd me. Be ſure now you take care of the poor devil, ha, ha! [*Exit laughing apart.*

Ned. Tom, mind your hits.

Enter TANGENT.

Tang. Now to poor Faulkner's priſon, and reſtore happineſs to my Julia!—Julia! if I don't watch this addle-head of mine, I ſhall certainly go mad. There's ſomething ſublime in madneſs! rolling eye—dungeons—ſtraw—chains——

Ned. Come, come, that will do—a pretty dance you've led us.

Tang. Who are you, and what do you want with me?

Ned.

Ned. Tom, have you a ſtrait waiſtcoat in your pocket?

Tang. Strait waiſtcoat! what are you going to do?

Ned. Take you back to the mad doctor's.

Tang. Be quiet, you ſcoundrels!

Enter SERVANT *to* CAUSTIC, *and* BAILIFFS.

Serv. That's he you are to arreſt. Touch him.

Tang. Oh, here's Cauſtic's ſervant. Come here, ſir—am I mad, ſir?

Serv. Mad, ſir? no, ſir.

Taug. Tell theſe raſcals who I am.

Serv. Oh, this is Mr. Tangent.

Tang. Aye, Frank Tangent's my name, is not it? *(to the bailiff)*

Bailiff. That it is.

Tang. You're an honeſt fellow!

Bailiff. Then you ſhall go with an honeſt fellow— *(ſhewing the writ)*

Tang. A writ! oh! the devil! worſe and worſe! at whoſe ſuit?

Bailiff. Mr. Cauſtic's.

Tang. Pretty way I'm in! arreſted at this moment! what ſhall I do?

Bailiff. Pay a viſit to my lock-up-houſe.

Tang. I can't—'pon my honour I'm engaged—eh, I believe I'd better be mad *(to Cauſtic's ſervant)* ah! kneel down before your father and mother.

Serv. Where are they?

Tang. I'm your father and mother. I'm father and

mother of all the judges—vanity's father and mother of all the counſellors—the devil's father and mother of all the bailiffs.

Serv. He's mad.

Bailiff. Fudge! that's not madneſs.

Tang. I am mad, you ſcoundrel.

Ned. I ſay he is mad.

Bailiff. I ſay he an't mad. *(they ſtruggle for him)*

Tang. I'll be off—ha! I ſpy a brother. [*Exit.*

Bailiff. Mad or not, we muſt not loſe him: ſo, come along.

Ned. Aye, aye; we muſt have him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CAUSTIC.

Cauſt. By this time he's ſafe. I think I've given him a tickler. *(noiſe)* What! he reſiſts, does he? *(Re-enter a ſervant)* Well, ſir, have they got him?

Serv. Yes, ſir: but he fought them nobly; then I came up.

Cauſt. And ſecured the raſcal?

Serv. No, your honour: I don't know how it was; but ſeeing three upon him, ecod, I coudn't help, ſomehow, fighting on his ſide; ſo I knock'd one down, and he killed another.

Cauſt. What do you ſay? killed a man!

Serv. There he lies, bleeding like a pig.

Cauſt. Has my poor Frank been ſo raſh? I hope he eſcaped.

Serv. No; they got hold of him.

Cauſt. I'm a miſerable man—This is all my fault.

Enter BAILIFF.

Is the man dead? oh, my poor boy!

Bailiff. No, your honour; the cowardly chap ſwooned at the ſight of his blood.

Cauſt. Then the raſcal has not killed him, eh?

Bailiff. A guinea and a plaiſter will ſet all right.

Cauſt. Will it? he kill a man! what an old fool I was! hold, I have it. Let the man be conveyed to my houſe—give out his life's in danger. I'll have him taken up for a murderer: I'll lay him with the duſt. Away with him to priſon—I'll be ſo revenged! and, d'ye hear? put irons on him; *(going)* but don't ſtarve him—give him bread and water, *(going)* and, d'ye hear, give him ſtraw—give him plenty of ſtraw. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

INSIDE OF A PRISON.

FAULKNER *diſcovered,* JULIA *leaning on him.—A noiſe without of chains falling.* JULIA *ſtarts.*

Faulk. Be not alarmed. Theſe noiſes, Julia, we ſhall be accuſtom'd to.

Julia. I hope not, my father. It is the hour I promiſed to be at the priſon gate. *(Faulkner ſhakes his head)* The gentleman ſeemed a man of honour.

Faulk. And, perhaps, is called ſo. Ah, girl, the trickery of this knaviſh world makes a wide difference between honour to woman and to man. The wretch that robs the father of his child, let him but at a gaming table keep his word with man, and he's of honour

Nay,

Nay, ſhou'd this wretch, in aggravation, meet that wrong'd father in the field, and lay him at his feet a corpſe, then, who dare deny that he's a man of honour?

Julia. But he's a merchant, ſir—a rank of men whoſe nobleneſs and benevolence are far above my praiſe.

Faulk. True; let me not by vague ſuſpicion wrong a worthy man. Go then, my child, but only to the gate; and mark, return with ſpeed.

Julia. Shall I not fly, when 'tis to bring a father happineſs? [*Exit.*

Faulk. And ſhould it not be ſo, oh Faulkner, what horrors will be thine! when, in addition to thy wounded pride, thou heareſt thy child aſk thee for bread thou can'ſt not give her, ſee'ſt her pine daily at thy feet and periſh; or, what is worſe, ſhould the agony which rends this heart, draw on thee a ſpeedier diſſolution, and ſhe be left behind, expoſed to want, to villany—that ſhall be prevented! yet I'll cling to hope—perhaps all may be well again—*(Julia ſcreams without)* ah! ſhe ſhrieks! It is my Julia's voice. Villain, forbear! hear a father's cries, or take a father's curſe. Blaſt him, heaven, with thy hotteſt vengeance! all, all is huſhed—ſhe's gone! my child is loſt, is diſhonoured—diſhonoured! no, I wrong her—my girl will die—*(a noiſe again)* It approaches—be faithful, eyes! *(door opens.)*

Enter JAILER *and* TANGENT, *he bearing* JULIA *in his arms.*

My Julia! oh give her to my arms!

Tang. Captain Faulkner, after what has paſſed, ſome excuſe is due for this intruſion. There, ſir, is my apology.

Faulk. She revives!

Julia. Where am I? my father! my deliverer!

Jailer. Aye, that he is—As this gentleman was coming to jail——

Tang. Huſh! *(ſtopping his mouth)* Paſſing this place, ſir, I heard a woman ſhriek, and ſaw ſome villains hurry this lady into a chaiſe——

Jailer. Then he bravely flew among them, and laid about him, and——

Tang. The conqueſt was eaſy, for the raſcals fled.

Faulk. Saved by the man I've ſo deeply wrong'd! His preſence tortures me. Sir, I thank you.

Tang. Captain Faulkner, a word in private.

Faulk. Ah! am I detected?

Tang. I've been with your attorney, ſir.

Faulk. Racks! tortures!

Tang. And have diſcovered an infernal act of villany.

Faulk. Well then, it is diſcovered. — Madneſs! fiends! I wou'd be alone.

Tang. You miſtake.

Faulk. I inſiſt on being alone.

Enter SERVANT *to* TANGENT.

Serv. A meſſage from your attorney, ſir.

Tang. 'Tis well—Captain Faulkner, you will be ſorry for this behaviour. [*Exit with Jailer.*

Faulk. My brain rocks! ah, my child, do I hold thee

thee in a parent's graſp, pure, unpolluted? Julia, we part no more—never—never! 'tis time to tell thee thy father is a villain.

Julia. Impoſſible! perhaps your too keen ſenſe of honour interprets harſhly.

Faulk. No, no. E'en now the man I wrong'd gave it its ſubſtantial title—an infernal act of villany.—Horrors accumulate.—On one ſide, diſhonour; on the other, famine. Julia! *(taking both her hands, and looking on her)* tho' dreadful, it muſt be ſo.

Julia. Your words and looks terrify me.

Faulk. In this world we can cheriſh no hope of happineſs.

Julia. But in the next, my father——

Faulk. True, girl; then the ſooner we are there, the better.

Julia. Sir!

Faulk. 'Tis in our power, Julia, to expedite our happineſs.

Julia. What means my father?

Faulk. Now, heart-ſtrings, hold awhile! collect the exalted reſolution of thy ſoul, and mark. Out of the wreck of fortune, I have preſerved ſomething, my child, to free us from poverty, from diſhonour, and to give us everlaſting peace.

Julia. Bleſt tidings!

Faulk. Behold! *(taking from each pocket a piſtol, and preſenting one to Julia.)*

Julia. Horror!

Faulk. Ha! haſt thou not by miracle eſcaped diſhonour? and is not thus to live, to meet perdition?

Julia. Is not thus to die, to meet perdition?

Faulk. It is too late for thought. Here—Ah, doſt thou ſhirk?

Julia. Suicide! my ſoul ſickens at the thought.

Faulk. Then live, baſe girl, and ſee thy father die. Live till ſcorn ſhall point at thee, and, mocking, cry, "behold the violated daughter of the villain Faulk-"ner!"

Julia. There's madneſs in the thought—give me the deathful inſtrument. *(ſeizes the piſtol.)*

Faulk. Hold! oh let me kiſs thee—*(a knocking at the door)* we're interrupted—*(knocking repeated)* go to the door *(Julia goes to the door, returns with a letter, opens it, ſhrieks, and runs into her father's arms.)*

What means this frantic joy? bank notes! a letter! ah, from Tangent—*(reads)* "While I intreat you will "do me the honour of employing theſe notes, it "gives me great pleaſure to incloſe you a letter, which "at once expoſes the villany of your agents, and re-"ſtores you to proſperity and happineſs"—*(looks over the letter, then falls on his knee)* omnipotent providence! humbled with the duſt, behold a repentant wretch! but thou art ſlow to puniſh, and thy mercies are infinite. Here, too, let me aſk pardon—my child! —But where is thy deliverer, the preſerver of thy honour, thy life? Within—Has Mr. Tangent left the priſon?

Enter JAILER.

Jailer. Oh, no, ſir.—Then they don't know that he's a priſoner. *(aſide.)* [*Exit.*

Faulk.

Faulk. Then fly to him, my child. He is the legitimate ſon of honour, I the baſe born ſlave of pride. Bring him to me, that I may kneel and bleſs him.

Julia. My father—I'm dizzy with my happineſs. One kiſs of rapture, and I am gone. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*]

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Priſon.

Enter JAILER, *followed by* TANGENT, *(fetter'd) a Solicitor and Undertaker.*

Jailer. Oh, how they become him! I'm ſure your leg was made for them. I'll be hanged if I flatter you.

Tang. (ſighs) Indeed you do not. Certainly, a very neat appendage to a gentleman—heigho!

Jailer. I declare it gives me pleaſure to ſee you in them.

Tang. You have all the pleaſure to yourſelf. Heigho! I feel deviliſh queer. Retire!

Jailer. A card from the gentlemen of our club. [*Exit.*

Tang. Your club! *(reads)* "The gentlemen priſoners inform Mr. Tangent they have elected him "a member of the ſelect club, and ſolicit the honour "of his company to a turbot, haunch, claret, and "chicken hazard.—The club, to prevent accidents, "meet on Sunday, Monday being hanging-day." Hanging-day!—'tis alarming, very,—what do you want?—

Solicitor. I'm a Newgate ſolicitor; and for 50*l.* will undertake to prevent gibbeting at leaſt.

Tang. Gibbeting! Begone, you croaking—*(drives him off)* And what will you undertake?

Undertaker. Sir, I'm an undertaker; and if you are not engaged, wou'd be proud to inter—

Tang. Go to the devil! *(drives him off)* Leave the room, you infernal—Gibbet! Undertaker!—Heigho! —Pugh! I can't have kill'd the fellow—his ſcull muſt have been thinner than mine, to crack with ſuch a paltry blow.—How has my letter ſped with Faulkner!—That's neareſt my heart—Oh, Julia!

Jailer. (without) You'll find Mr. Tangent in the next room, ma'am.

Tang. Heavens! 'tis Julia! 'tis herſelf! and joy brightens her lovely countenance. Oh, let me meet her! Damn theſe things! 'Sdeath! how ſhall I conceal my diſgrace? What can I do to——

Enter JULIA.

(Tangent holds his handkerchief before his fetters).

Julia. Sir, with a heart oppreſs'd with gratitude, let me kneel—

Tang. Lovelieſt creature, riſe! Allow me to—*(is about to raiſe her when he recollects his fetters)* Pray riſe, ma'am; you diſtreſs me.

Julia. Why ſhould benevolence ſhrink from praiſe?

Tang. Angelic excellence! call it love, adoration—I'm your ſlave—upon my ſoul, I'm in chains—I beg pardon—but my love is pure as your own thoughts.

Julia.

Julia. Sir, I believe you noble—above baſe concealment.

Tang. By heaven I would not conceal any thing; that is, not any thing that—that—

Julia. Sir, my father is anxious to ſee you.

Tang. Happy tidings!

Julia. Will you favour him with your company?

Tang. Inſtantly.

Julia. This way then.

Tang. Yes, ma'am. *(recollecting himſelf)* That is, preſently—I'll come preſently to—to—to his houſe.

Julia. Farewel! Oh, ſir, my feelings wou'd be unworthy, cou'd I expreſs them—But theſe tears of joy—

Tang. Dry them, lovely creature. By heaven, they affect me to that—*(raiſes his handkerchief to his eyes, recollects himſelf, then pulls a chair towards him, and gets behind it, leans over it, and wipes his eyes.)*

Julia. What noiſe was that?

Tang. I did not hear any noiſe.

Julia. The clank of fetters. I dread to meet thoſe miſerable beings—Perhaps ſome horrid murderer.

Tang. Very likely, ma'am.

Julia. Yet I muſt pity them.

Tang. 'Tis very kind of you, ma'am.

Julia. Poor wretches!

Tang. Ah, poor devils!

Julia. Farewel, ſir. We ſhall ſee you ſoon. [*Exit.*

Tang. I'll follow you and fly—Egad, that's the only way I can follow. Heigho! But away with melan-

melancholy. Julia Faulkner is happy; and can I be otherwiſe? *(ſits down)*

Enter CAUSTIC. *(cautiouſly)*

Cauſt. There he ſits, the picture of deſpair, poor fellow! This leſſon has cured him.

Tang. Theſe decorations are not exactly the thing, to be ſure, ha, ha!

Cauſt. How mournfully he looks down on his diſgraceful fetters!

Tang. Julia is happy—The thought is extacy! *(riſes)*

Cauſt. How lucky that I came! His deſpair might have made him kill himſelf.

Tang. I could ſing—dance for joy. Dance! I remember ſeeing a man at the playhouſe dance a hornpipe in a pair of theſe things, and did it deviliſh well too—Let me ſee—ſomehow!—Tol de rol lol lol! *(ſings and dances, not ſeeing Cauſtic)* My uncle! Confuſion!

Cauſtic. I ſhall go mad! *(after a ſtruggle for breath)* Oh you—I can't ſpeak—dancing! But you'll have but one dance more, and that will be upon nothing, —you—the wounded man is dead.

Tang. Dead! Heaven forbid!

Cauſt. Moſt certain, ſir.

Tang. Am I then a murderer? Shall I never ſee Julia Faulkner more? *(ſits down)*

Enter NED *(with a patch on his forehead)* and JAILER.

Ned. Sir, I muſt go home;—ſo, will thank you for the five guineas you promiſed.

Cauſt. Go along, you ſcoundrel! *(endeavouring to conceal him)*

Tang. Never to behold—Eh! *(ſeeing Ned)* Oh, my dear fellow, how glad I am to ſee you! *(embraces him)* Here, take off theſe things, will you? *(Ned and Jailer take off the fetters)* I thought ſuch a head as this cou'd not be eaſily crack'd, ha, ha, ha! *(exulting)* Now to my Julia! Farewel, uncle! Here's caſh for you both. *(gives money)*

Cauſt. Then I muſt kill the dog myſelf. *(graſps his cane)* Nephew, come here—will you only liſten to me?

Tang. Sir, I'll liſten to you for a month. [*Exit.*

Cauſt. I'll murder him—ſtop that villain.

[*Exit purſuing.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Room at ALLSPICE'S.

Enter DASHALL *with an opened letter.*

Daſhall.

Now this is not fair play! What a raſcally ſhame! What the devil does Fortune mean by it? Zounds! to be bankrupt! My name in the Gazette at this moment, when I was doing them all in ſuch a capital ſtyle! And, then, to loſe the nice girl! I ſuppoſe I ſhall have that fellow, Tangent, demanding ſatisfaction. Oh, my ſmaſhing will fly about like wildfire. If I can't in one hour humbug old Allſpice, and marry his daughter, I muſt ſcud. Fortune, be but kind! Damn her! ſhe's a jade, I'll not invoke her. But thou, genius of ſwindling! Oh ſtick by me now, and I'll never forſake thee. She's propitious! for here comes one flat.

Enter ALLSPICE.

Well, Toby, what are you thinking about?

Allſp. London. I never was there. You muſt ſhow me the ſights—The lions at the Tower, and the bulls and bears at the Stock Exchange; the parliament-houſe, and the wax-work;—the bench of biſhops, and the

the maids of honour. And, my dear friend, you'll ſhow me the King's Bench?

Daſh. Aye, that I will.

Allſp. And, I ſay, the pretty girls.

Daſh. True, my dear fellow: but about the trifle of money—

Allſp. Trifle! Oh, the half-crown that I loſt to you at all-fours.

Daſh. No, no; the five thouſand.

Allſp. Oh dear, that's an enormous ſum.

Daſh. My letters from Peterſburgh ſay, the froſt has ſet in there ſo deviliſh hard, that furs will be any price.

Allſp. Indeed! I have the money in my pocket.

Daſh. Have you? Give it me directly.

Allſp. Friendly creature, how anxious you are!

Daſh. I am. Upon my ſoul, I feel juſt as if I were going to receive it for my own advantage.

Allſp. Good ſoul! Well, here it is.

Daſh. Now I touch.

Enter SHOPMAN.

Shop. Mr. Cauſtic, ſir, wiſhes to ſpeak with you.

Allſp. Very well. I'll come to him. *(puts up the money)* [*Exit Shopman.*

Daſh. Confound Mr. Cauſtic! My bankruptcy will be blown, and then— *(aſide)*

Allſp. Tho' 'tis for my own advantage, I can't bear to part with my dear notes.

Daſh. If I have not the money directly, 'tis all up, I aſſure you.

Allſp. That would be a pity.

Daſh. It wou'd indeed.

Allſp. (*taking out the notes again*) Why, then, there they are—but let me take leave of them—my pretty ones, good bye to you; and be ſure now you come again, with each of you a companion. One hug, and then we part.

Daſh. Now I touch to a certainty.

Allſp. Now hold your hand.

Enter SHOPMAN.

Shop. The Gazette, ſir. [*Exit.*

Daſh. Oh the devil!

Allſp. Stop! (*returns the notes again to his pocket*)

Daſh. Never mind the Gazette.

Allſp. We'll juſt take a peep at the bankrupts.

Daſh. Here's luck again! (*aſide*)

Allſp. Ah! (*taking out his glaſſes*) Here they are.

Daſh. But don't you ſee there's great news. "The "following diſpatch was this day received by——"

Allſp. We'll read that afterwards.

Daſh. What ſhall I do?

Allſp. "Whereas a commiſſion of——"

Daſh. Why, friend Toby, ha, ha, ha! (*taking hold of the arm that holds the Gazette*)

Allſp. What's the matter?—"Whereas a—"

Daſh. (*interrupting him*) Ha, ha! What the devil! 'Tis all up with you—can't you ſee without ſpectacles? Ha, ha! Oh, then you are diſhed with the girls, ha, ha!

Allſp. See without them? to be ſure I can—juſt as well

well without them, as with them. Bleſs your ſoul! I only uſe them, becauſe they are knowing.

Daſh. Yes, knowing enough for young men with remarkable ſtrong eyes; but—

Allſp. "Whereas——"

Daſh. And then ſuch a quiz of a pair as theſe! How you wou'd be hoaxed! Now, only ſee what a gig I look in them.

Allſp. Firſt we'll juſt look at the bankrupts—"Whereas——"

Daſh. No, no—now ſee. (*takes the glaſſes and Gazette from Allſpice, lets fall the glaſſes, and in pretending to pick them up, treads on them, and breaks them*) Zounds! I've broke them.

Allſp. 'Tis of no conſequence—they were of no uſe to me—Thank heaven, I don't want them.

Daſh. But I beg ten thouſand pardons. I believe you wiſhed to look over the liſt of bankrupts—there they begin, you ſee. (*gives Gazette*)

Allſp. (*pretending to read*) Oh yes, I ſee.

Daſh. Any body there particular? Any body there you know?

Allſp. (*looking over the Gazette*) Oh, no, no—a few reptiles of retailers, but none of your fine daſhers like us—Ah! they manage their matters too cleverly to let me ſee them here.

Daſh. To be ſure they do. (*takes the Gazette*) There I am, ſure enough—what an eſcape! Well, now the notes—now I touch, or the devil's in't!

Allſp. Yes, here they are. (*takes notes out again*) Stop—one—two—

Daſh. (*adroitly ſnatching them*) Three—four—five. Juſt the ſum. (*putting them into his pocket*)

Allſp. Oh dear. I don't like to part with them! My dear friend, I'm afraid I've given you a thouſand ſhort—Let me look at them again, will you?

Daſh. (*taking them out*) Certainly. No—exactly the ſum. (*returning them to his pocket*)

Enter SHOPMAN.

Shop. Mr. Cauſtic, ſir, is in a great hurry and in a great paſſion, and wants to ſpeak to you about miſs Clementina, and that gentleman's marriage.

Daſh. Ha, ha! here's capital luck! Go to him, my dear Toby—let it take place directly. Tell him my affairs are deſperate,—my love affairs, I mean.

Allſp. Well, I will—I'll ſay you're a bankrupt in hope. But don't ſend away all the money to London at once, pray don't.

Daſh. Certainly not—depend on't, if I can help it, I'll not part with a farthing of it.

Allſp. Oh, thank you, thank you—'Tis an enormous ſum—I don't know what to think.

Daſh. What to think! Think of the profits. Nay, why ſo dull? Where's your ſpirits, your life?

Allſp. My life! You've got it in your pocket, ſo pray take care of it; for, indeed, the loſs of it wou'd kill me. [*Exit.*

Daſh. Here they are! Oh, there goes lady Sorrel in a fury. I think ſhe looks as if ſhe were in the Gazette—I muſt be after her—Well, I've done the old one, however. Bravo, my boy, Daſhall! All I ſay is, you've juſtified the opinion I always had of you. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Garden and Hot-houſe.

Enter LADY SORREL.

Lady Sor. How provoking! I cou'd cry for vexation. Where is that fellow, Daſhall, I wonder?

Enter DASHALL.

Lady Sor. So, ſir, you've managed matters finely!

Daſh. I rather think I have.

Lady Sor. Provoking! to have that gypſey, that Julia Faulkner in your power, and then to loſe her!

Daſh. I could not help it.

Lady Sor. I believe you could not help running away.

Daſh. Nonſenſe! Will your talking recover her?

Lady Sor. Yes, if you'll attend to it. I have a plan, if you are not afraid of her—

Daſh. Dam'me! Do you think I'm afraid of a woman?

Lady Sor. That villain, Tangent, has releaſed her father from priſon: but I've a ſcheme—ſtay, he's here.

Daſh. Then I would rather not ſtay. He's a deſperate fighting fellow! (*aſide*) I ſay, ſtep in here till he paſſes.

Lady Sor. What! running away again?

Daſh. 'Sdeath! no. But my affairs are deviliſh tickliſh. I have not time to quarrel and kill people.

Here he comes: If you don't go in, I'll give up Julia. Can't you tell me your plan there as well as here?

Lady Sor. But if we ſhould be ſeen,—and my couſin Cauſtic hear I was ſhut up with a man, I ſhou'd be ruined.

Daſh. Pſhaw! Nobody wants to ruin you. Zounds! only while he paſſes. *(they retire into the hot-houſe)*

Enter TANGENT.

Tang. That infernal hornpipe has completely ruin'd me with my uncle. But, be that as it may, if ſhe will conſent, Julia Faulkner ſhall be mine, tho' this ſpade were my only portion. And why not this ſpade? What can more nobly employ the exertion of man than improving the bleſſings providence has ſent him? I can fancy myſelf ſeated at my cottage-fire, with my Julia and thirteen children,—the equal ſerenity of the ſcene harmonizing with the tranquil uniformity of my diſpoſition. Happy employment! There we ſee the art of man even giving climate. *(pointing to the hot-houſe)* Eh! I thought I caught a glimpſe of that hypocrite, lady Sorrel, endeavouring to conceal herſelf. I ſuppoſe a hot-houſe ſuits the warmth of her diſpoſition; if ſo, ſhe ſhall have it hot enough.—*(aloud)* Confound the careleſsneſs of theſe raſcally gardeners, leaving doors and windows open!—cold as an ice-houſe. *(locks door)* The grapes will be ſour; and I know there's a fine old ſenſitive plant within, that can't bear being expoſed —I'll bring things forward. *(during this he puts up the glaſs, opens the flues, and blows the fire)* Zounds! My uncle,

uncle, and as furious as when I left him!—I muſt be off—I preſume your ladyſhip begins to feel rather warm and comfortable. [*Exit.*

Enter CAUSTIC *and* ALLSPICE.

Cauſt. Come, ſir, diſpatch—Let me get rid of this buſineſs. Where's this Daſhall and your daughter? I muſt be gone—I would not ſtay in this infernal town—

Allſp. True; there's no making a ſplaſh here. I muſt reſide in a place ſuited to my elegant ideas. London's the ſhop for me.

Cauſt. But, zounds! where's your daughter?

Allſp. How kind of you to regard my Cleme!

Cauſt. I regard her! Sir, ſhe's a lady I particularly diſlike. Do you think I give her thirty thouſand pounds becauſe—No, ſir, I do it to revenge myſelf on that thoughtleſs, profligate, tormenting nephew, that has teized, has made me mad—but where is ſhe?—Oh, ſhe comes—heyday! what, in tears?

Enter CLEMENTINA, *weeping, holding a Gazette in her hand; and Officer.*

Allſp. What's the matter, Cleme?

Clem. Now this is extremely diſagreeable.

Allſp. What makes my dear daughter unhappy? Nothing ſerious, I hope. None of the ſpoons loſt, eh?

Clem. Spoons? Don't talk to me of ſpoons. My fortune is loſt, my huſband is loſt—this man is come to take him away. Mr. Daſhall is a bankrupt.

Allſp. What?

Clem. His name in the Gazette.

Allſp. Where? where? Oh, will any body lend me a pair of ſpectacles?

Clem. Are you ſhort-ſighted?

Allſp. Oh very—I've a notion.

Clem. Ah! (*pointing to his name in the Gazette*) There he is.

Allſp. Where is he? (*jumping round and ſeizing Cauſtic*) He's a villain!

Cauſt. I thought he was your friend,—the man that cropt you.

Allſp. Yes, he has cropp'd me with the devil to it; cropped me of five thouſand pounds.

Cauſt. Five thouſand pounds! What was he to do with it?

Allſp. To buy tippets.

Cauſt. Tippets!

Allſp. Ay, and boſom-friends. What had I to do with boſom-friends? Damn all friends! I was once happy and friendleſs. Eh! I left him here. I hope he is not gone to make a ſplaſh with my dear money—I hope he's in the garden. Mr. Daſhall! Mr. Daſhall! I want to ſpeak to you, Mr. Daſhall. Come here, will you, my dear friend? I only want to ſpeak to you. Oh, if I cou'd but faſten on him—I want to give you another thouſand pounds. I do indeed. Oh, the infernal villain! My excellent friend, don't hide yourſelf. (*goes up the ſtage, looking about*)

Cauſt. Everlaſting, everlaſting diſappointment! will nobody have thirty thouſand pounds?

Clem. Mr. Cauſtic, pray ſir, don't be in ſuch a hurry. If you will but have the kindneſs to wait till to-morrow, I dare ſay I can get ſomebody to marry me.

Cauſt. I would not ſtay an hour. Will nobody have thirty thouſand pounds?

Allſp. I will, give it to me.

Cauſt. But on the terms——

Allſp. Any terms.

Cauſt. Will you marry?

Allſp. Any body.

Clem. You marry, pa! too ridiculous, a vaſt deal.

Allſp. Hold your tongue, huſſey—I feel I ſhall be miſerable without money, ſo I may as well marry and be miſerable with it.

Clem. Dear Mr. Cauſtic, only wait till to-morrow. I'll aſk every body to have me. Oh do! lud, I ſhall be under ſuch a ſtyle of obligation.

Cauſt. Pſhaw!

Clem. I'll make it a principle to pleaſe. Oh do!

Cauſt. I won't.

Clem. Won't you? then you are an old wretch, a brute; and I hope, pa, if you marry, you'll be a brute: and *(to Cauſtic)* I vow I wiſh your gout may return, and ſhoot up into your wither'd head in ſuch a ſtyle—Yes, you may laugh—*(ſobbing)* but to be utterly ruined is extremely diſagreeable. [*Exit, weeping.*

Allſp. Oh, he's gone!

Cauſt. Friend Toby, a lucky thought—I've hit

upon a wife for you. What ſay you to your viſitor, my couſin, Lady Sorrel? ſhe's virtuous.

Allſp. I've my doubts.

Cauſt. Oh fie! no, ſhe's extremely correct,—correct even to appearances. Her good conduct defies ſuſpicion.

Allſp. Then 'tis a bargain.

Cauſt. With all my heart; and by giving you my hand, I give *(going to ſhake hands, a craſh is heard in the hot-houſe.)*

What's that?

Allſp. More of my property going. I ſuppoſe ſome old blind tabby cat has got into my hot-houſe. Bring the blunderbuſs, will you? *(to officer)* — *(Lady Sorrel ſcreams, and Allſpice unlocks the door, and Lady Sorrel comes out.)*

Allſp. Lady Sorrel!

Cauſt. Hey day, couſin!

Lady Sor. I'm quite faint.

Allſp. Reſt on me, my lady.

Lady Sor. The heat of the place.

Allſp. You ſeem rather warm. Pray, have you ſeen any thing of my dear friend, Mr. Daſhall?

Lady Sor. I, ſir? no.

Cauſt. This has an odd appearance.

Lady Sor. I'll explain it. Couſin, I went in to pull a bunch of grapes; and a booby of a ſervant paſſing by, lock'd the door.

Cauſt. I'm ſatisfied. Well, couſin, I've got you a huſband

huſband here. Nay, no bluſhing. You are too wiſe and too old for girliſh affectation. With my friend Toby, I give you thirty thouſand pounds, and as times go, a pretty honeſt man.

Allſp. Yes, my lady, an honeſt pretty man.

Cauſt. And, friend Toby, with my couſin you have neither youth nor beauty, to be ſure; but abundance of chaſtity, virtue, and benevolence, ſo heaven—*(another craſh is heard.)*

Allſp. Zounds! what's that? I dare ſay, one of Cleme's puppy dogs.—*(to officer)* Go in, and pull him out by the cuff of the neck *(officer goes in.)*

Lady Sor. I declare I'm quite faint again.

Allſp. Let me ſupport you—I'll never leave you.

Officer (comes out with Daſhall) Have I found you at laſt?

Cauſt. Mr. Daſhall!

Allſp. Who? *(Lets go Lady Sorrel, and runs to Daſhall, puts his hand into his pocket, and recovers his notes.)*

Give me my money, you villain! here it is. Oh, let me kiſs you, and lay you to my faithful breaſt.

Cauſt. How have I been deceived! *(to Lady Sorrel)*

Allſp. Mr. Cauſtic, you'll excuſe my marrying.—*(to Daſhall)* I can ſee your roguery without ſpectacles, you monopolizer of villany! farewell to daſhing! Roger, bring me my wig and apron.

Tang. (without) Sir, I entreat——

Cauſt. My nephew! dare he come in my preſence? then you ſhall ſee me knock him down.

Allſp. No, no *(with-holding him)*.

Enter

Enter TANGENT, *followed by* FAULKNER *and* JULIA.

Faulk. In vain you fly me.

Tang. You diſtreſs me—I beg, ſir,—I inſiſt——

Faulk. Never can my ſoul be ſatisfied, till my knees bend in gratitude——

Tang. Captain Faulkner! upon my ſoul, 'tis deviliſh hard to have one's feelings diſtreſſed, becauſe a man has done a trifling act——

Cauſt. What's this?

Faulk. A trifling act! have you not redeemed me from priſon, from deſpair? have you not preſerved my Julia's honour?

Cauſt. Stand by. I don't think I ſhall knock him down.

Tang. If I have been ſo fortunate, let my reward be the preſervation of that honour with my life, and for my life.

Faulk. Sir, I ſhou'd certainly feel proud of your alliance;—but you have a relation.

Tang. What, old uncle, ha, ha! I have certainly plagued him moſt confoundedly.

Cauſt. I believe I'll knock him down *(raiſes his cane)*

Tang. But, upon my honour, to make him unhappy, wou'd give me ſerious ſorrow. *(Cauſtic drops his cane)* Oh, ſir, give me but Julia Faulkner without fortune——

Cauſt. I forbid the banns.

Tang. Sir, I inſiſt.

Cauſt. And, ſir, I inſiſt that you don't marry miſs Faulkner

Faulkner without a fortune, but that you marry her with thirty thouſand pounds.

Tang. Moſt excellent uncle! my ſweeteſt Julia! and will you, ſir, forgive my follies?

Cauſt. Heartily, my boy. Frank, I can pardon the head for wandering, when I find the heart's at home.

Daſh. Tangent, I give you joy.

Tang. Gently! while you were affluent, the elegant flavour of your Tokay kept down the coarſe twang of the borachio in your manners. But now you're poor, you'll be cut even by your brother ſwindlers.

Faulk. Is not this the wretch——?

Daſh. Sir, I ſhou'd be happy to give you ſatisfaction; but you ſee I'm in cuſtody——*(Faulkner going up to him)* Officer, do your duty: why don't you ſecure me? I never deſpair—do you think this is the firſt time I've been in the Gazette? I've ſome irons in the fire yet.

Tang. And if you want more irons, I cou'd recommend you to a pair that wou'd ſuit you exactly.

Lady Sor. Mr. Daſhall, are you going to town?

Officer. You may depend upon it, my lady.

Lady Sor. If you'll give me leave, I'll accompany you.

Julia. Firſt let me thank you, madam, for the delicate anxiety you have ſhewn reſpecting me and this gentleman, and for your humanity in arreſting my father.

Cauſtic. Did ſhe do that? abandoned hypocrite! leave my ſight.

Daſh. Well, I bear no malice. Good bye to you all. I ſay,

I ſay, Toby, won't you ſend ſome almonds and raiſins to Harriet?—ha, ha! Now to London, and my creditors, where I'll nobly give them fivepence halfpenny in the pound, and the jollieſt dinner the London Tavern can produce—Good bye to you, gigs! dam'me, I'll make a ſplaſh yet. [*Exeunt Daſhall, Lady Sorrel, and Officer.*

Allſp. Put him in my horſe-pond. Let him make a ſplaſh there.

" *Enter* M'QUERY.

" *M'Query.* Pray, is Lady Sorrel—oh the devil—

" *Faulk.* Hold—oh dread not my perſonal chaſtiſe-
" ment: your abject villainy protects you from that—

" *M'Query.* It is not the firſt time it has ſtood my
" friend.

" *Faulk.* Do you ſee this letter?

" *M'Query.* I certainly miſſed it, and am ready to
" refund.

" *Faulk.* You diſgrace an honourable profeſſion,
" and are the vile exception to the liberal and noble
" character of your nation.

" *M'Query.* Sir! I am worth twenty thouſand
" pounds, and am your humble ſervant.

" *Tang.* Villain!

" *M'Query.* Take care what you ſay, young gentle-
" man—don't you libel an attorney—'tis the moſt
" heinous crime—the devil a lawyer will plead your
" cauſe for you; but the whole battalion of the black
" badgers will open upon you, and tell you that libel-
" ling an attorney ſtrikes at the root of humanity; it

" tears

" tears out the vitals of exiſtence; it ſhivers the ada-
" mantine bands of ſociety; it makes curds and whey
" of the milk of human kindneſs; it convulſes and
" confuſes, and diſturbs and diſtorts—Oh! whatever
" you do, never libel an attorney." [*Exit.*

Tang. I hope, ſir, my Julia has made you a convert.

Cauſt. She has indeed—and I beg pardon of her ſex, to whom ſhe has given this leſſon—that the affection and duty of a daughter is the beſt ſecurity for happineſs in a wife; and that filial affection and feminine diffidence [illegible] WAY TO GET MARRIED. As for you, nephew——

Tang. Sir, I've bade adieu to all my air-drawn fancies, except the woolſack, in which whim I will once more indulge, in the trembling hope, that our endeavours this night to pleaſe, have been crowned with your candid approbation. As many as are contents ſay "Aye." — non-contents, "No." We flatter ourſelves the contents have it.

END OF THE COMEDY.

EPILOGUE.

Written by Captain TOPHAM.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

THE dubious title of our Play this night
Might fill mama with joy, or miſs with fright.
" The Way to get a Huſband," and what not;—
But are they worth the getting when they're got?
" Yes," cries bold miſs,—whom mother's kind rega[illegible]
Has led, at young fourteen, to cock her card;—
" Yes," cries bold miſs, " whate'er the formals ſay,
They are worth getting, and I know the way.
—The way's up Bond-ſtreet! where we daily range,
Where ſauntering bloods crowd Faſhion's full exchange!
There (charming ſcene!) as undiſmay'd we ſtrut—
Dogs, miſſes, dukes, and draymen, meet full butt!
There, lounging arm in arm, half-booted crops,
With heads ſo dark, you'd ſwear they were—black mops!
There, muſlin petticoats with mud ſo lac'd,
Here ſcarlet ſpencers with an inch of waiſt,
So ſcarlet all, my rouge they ſeem to ſcoff,
And look like lobſters with their tails cut off!
Here for a huſband is the ſcene to daſh,
Here for a town-bred miſs to—make a ſplaſh.
The plump, briſk widow takes a different road,
She cannot walk down Bond-ſtreet:—ſhe's a load!
Good ſixteen ſtone to carry—but yet ſtrong:
She rolls a wool-pack Venus,—broad as long!
Yet ſhe's a tender paſſion for the ſtage!
With her, dear *private acting* is the rage.

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